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SANTIAGO NUMBER—ARMY AND NAVY—28 PAGES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2171.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

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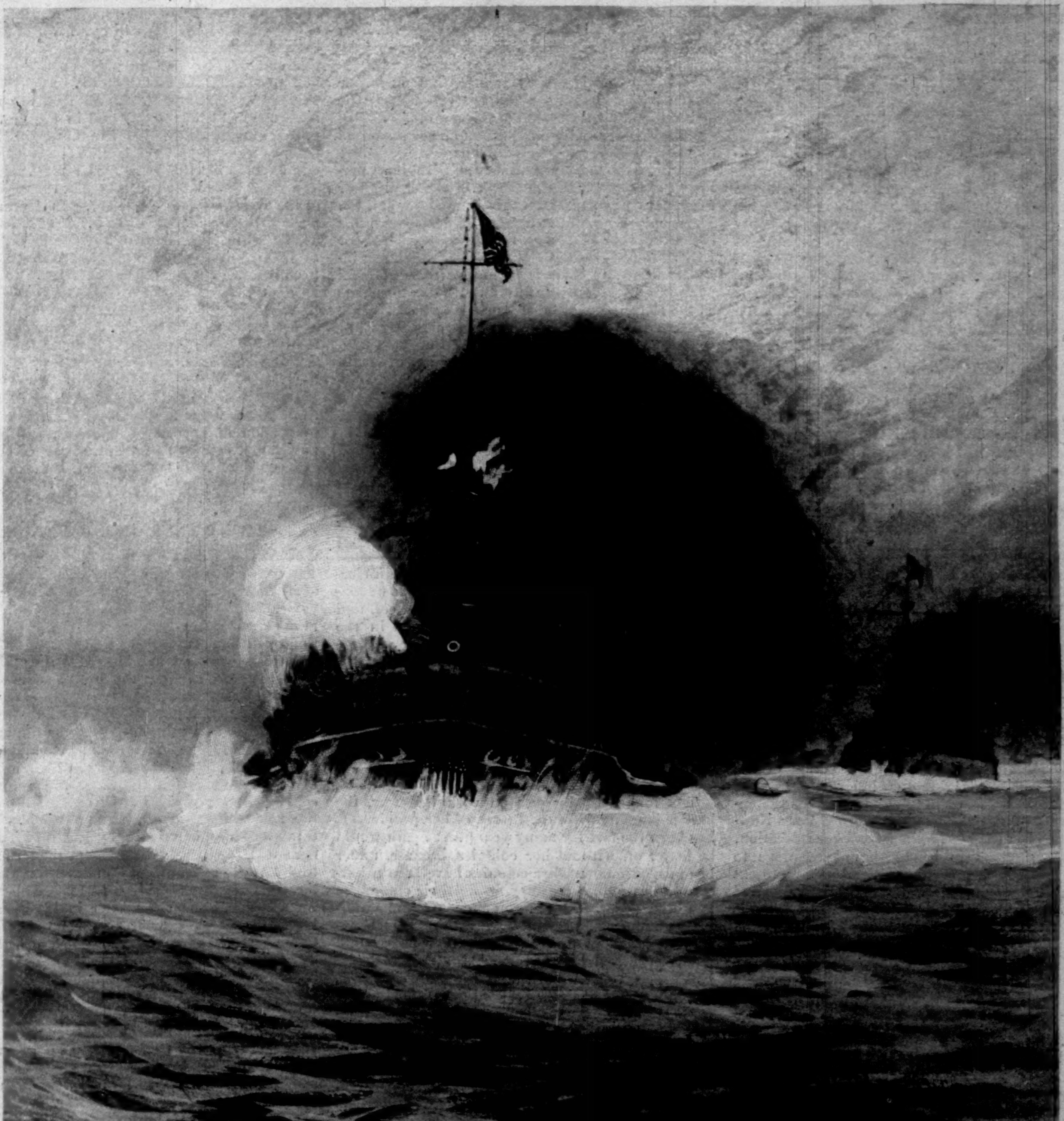


AN AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP "IN THE DAY OF BATTLE."

THE "OREGON" OVERHAULING THE "VIZCAYA" AND "CRISTÓBAL COLON" AT A 16-KNOT PACE, OFF SANTIAGO, JULY 3.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

New York City, July 30, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents are following the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, Jr.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS	HAROLD MARTIN,
T. DART WALKER.	And Others.

Messrs. Millet, Bass, *and* Davis *are in Manila or on their way thither*, Mr. Walker *is with* General Miles's *Expedition against Puerto Rico, and* Mr. Martin *at Santiago.*

The Emperor of Germany is not unfriendly to us to the point of desiring hostile relations on account of the Philippines. His former subjects who are now American citizens, in suggesting the presentation of a battle-ship by them to this country, are probably giving utterance to a sentiment more nearly like that of the people of the German Empire than is that which apparently animates the impolite officers of Admiral von Diedrichs's fleet. We have little to fear from Germany except that exasperating reports of German misdeeds at Manila may increase the desire of the American people to keep the Philippines.

The Spaniards and Cubans of Santiago are to have a taste of American administration of the best character. President McKinley, in an admirable paper, full of justice and humanity, as well as of sound sense, has laid down the law for the surrendered province. The merchants are to receive goods from all countries on payment of the lowest duties—that is, the duties heretofore charged on Spanish merchandise. The rights of persons and of property are to be respected, and the laws as they exist are to continue to be administered by the Spanish judges. The administration of the law will be under the supervision of United States army officers, and will therefore be honest—something entirely new in respect to Cuban affairs.

Newfoundland's wish to be represented at the Quebec conference threatens complications incompatible with the scope of the negotiations. If restricted to the discussion of closer commercial relations with this country, such representation may well be permitted; but the introduction of the west shore fishery rights question would at once cause a protest from France, and an indefinite enlargement of the work of the conference. Newfoundland has long held aloof from confederation, although anxious to benefit by negotiations to which Canada has been a party. The present disorganized condition of the island's trade and finances calls loudly for some relief, and there is little doubt that a reciprocity treaty with the United States would be welcomed on lines similar to the Bond-Blaine treaty of a few years ago. The disallowance of that treaty by the mother-country has since been looked upon as a precedent to discourage the separate action of Newfoundland whenever interests common to that colony and the Dominion are concerned. The general question of the fisheries, apart from the west shore difficulty, is a case in point. To our government the matter is of some importance, as possibly demanding a sharper limitation of certain questions awaiting settlement, and a refusal to entertain them if likely to lead to extra-continental considerations.

There is a growing belief in this country that we are henceforth to play a larger part in the world's affairs than we have ever played before, and that this is true is shown clearly enough by the expansion of our foreign commerce. The old walls erected and maintained by the protectionists are breaking down before the peaceful assaults of trade. We are discovering the mutual profit of that intimate relationship which is essential to complete growth, and which cannot prosper except through peace. We say this fully realizing that commercial jealousies and colonial adventures for the expansion of commerce are accountable, more than any other cause, for the present warlike attitude of the nations of Europe, and for the danger of militarism which is threatening this country in consequence of our defeat of Spain, our occupation of her territory, and the temptation held out to us to make England's cause in China our own by undertaking the government of the Philippines. But commerce eventually will overcome war, and when that day comes a colony will be no more valuable to the mother-country than to any other power with which she can trade on equal terms, and not so valuable as to the power that can undersell the mother-country. Protected Europe may secure an expansion through the cost of war, but England has secured her territorial greatness by her liberal trade policy. We can follow her example if we will, and make the distant parts of the world our own by stimulating our commerce along the lines in which it is now flowing and expanding; or we may follow the example of Germany and France, and tax our citizens for making trade for the few, just as we have heretofore taxed them for the enrichment of our protected manufacturers. We can have profitable commerce and civilization with peace, or burdens and barbarism with war.

It is true, as Mr. Hill asserts, that Governor Black's Election Bureau bill is "based upon the assumption that the people of the city of New York are unable or unwilling to enforce the election and registration laws at their own home." Therefore Governor Black proposes that the State shall perform the duty which the people of the city fail or neglect to perform. But this is modern politics. The people of no community in this State—and this is true of other States, for that matter—are able or willing to perform their political duties. Their inability is due to their surrender of their political power to bosses, who are as much personal rulers as the Emperor of Germany or the Czar of Russia. Croker is the ruler of this city, and Platt is, or has been, the ruler in the State. These two, having come together, agreed that elections in the city should be controlled by Police Commissioners, composed of friends of the two irresponsible tyrants, each tyrant having two friends on the Commission. Mr. Hill seems to think that because the Mayor appointed these Commissioners, New York city had home-rule to that extent. Not at all, for the people of New York city had nothing whatever to do with the matter, any more than they will have to do with the Supervisor whom Governor Black expects to appoint. The reason why Governor Black wants to run elections in the city is because he is out with Platt. He ought not to run elections here, and his measure is bad, as well as unconstitutional, but the system that he replaces, and which left the management of elections in the hands of Platt and Croker, was no more a home-rule feature than is Governor Black's scheme, and Mr. Hill is mistaken if he supposes it to be. Home-rule means that the municipal family shall rule the household, not that one of the members of the family, like Van Wyck, for example, shall act as the agent for absolute rulers like Platt and Croker.

The longer Spain goes on with this war, the harder is going to be the future of her people. It has been the fact for many years that Spain would be better off without her colonies, because, under her misgovernment, her colonies have been a burden to her public treasury, while their commerce has been absorbed by more competent and enterprising nations. Spain has within herself resources sufficient to make her people happy and prosperous and her government stable. If she had dropped Cuba and the Philippines long ago, she would now be well advanced towards solvency, provided her statesmen had turned their attention to her economic condition. We believe she has statesmen who can do this, and who can accomplish practical results in this direction. But in order to set about it with any hope of success, peace should be established as soon as possible. Every day of this war plunges the Spaniards deeper and deeper into insolvency, and if Spain consults her feelings rather than her interest she will come out of the war eventually not only stripped of all her colonial possessions, but so burdened with taxation, so ruined in her credit—such a bankrupt, in short—that revolution is likely to be her lot for years to come, unless, for their own protection, stronger powers of the continent take her in hand, and either divide her up or put her in the hands of a receiver. In any event, the Spanish people have already a hard road before them, and the present and succeeding generations are likely to be burdened with all the taxation that their industry and the fruitfulness of their land can bear. If peace is much longer postponed they cannot bear the burden that full payment of every debt will necessitate. We wish, for their sakes as well as for our own, that the Spanish people would insist upon putting an end to a conflict the result of which is not only inevitable, but is now seen to be inevitable by every intelligent man in Europe, including the Spaniards themselves.

There is a good deal of food for reflection in the commercial statistics of the country for the fiscal year which ended on the 30th of June. Notwithstanding the increase in our rates of duties, there has been a very important reduction in our public revenues from customs taxation. This, however, is a phase of our commercial system with which the country has been long familiar, and of which it is growing weary, even the manufacturers becoming accustomed to the belief that the country will not always consent to play the part of a pelican in their behalf. The growth of our export trade is the important fact of the year's statistics. Owing to the falling off in imports, or in what we ought to have expected from them, the exports are double our receipts from abroad, leaving what is called a balance of trade in our favor of $615,259,024. This is more than twice as great as the balance of 1897. How enormous the difference is may be judged from the fact that only in the years 1878, 1879, 1881, 1892, 1894, 1897, and 1898 has the balance reached $200,000,000, and in the best of the years enumerated except 1898—that is, in 1897—the balance was but $286,263,144. The actual value of our exports for the year 1898 was $1,231,311,868. Ten years before, for the year 1888, the export trade of the country was $695,954,507. Last year our exports to Africa amounted to $17,000,000 as against $3,000,000 in 1888. During the decade our exports to Japan increased from $4,000,000 to $21,000,000; to China, from $4,500,000 to $10,000,000; to Austria-Hungary, from $500,000 to $5,000,000; to Belgium, from $10,000,000 to $47,000,000; to Denmark, from $3,000,000 to $12,000,000; to the Netherlands, from $16,000,000 to $65,000,000; to France, from $40,000,000 to $100,000,000; to Germany, from $56,500,000 to $150,000,000; to British North America, from $38,000,000 to $85,000,000; to the United Kingdom, from $362,000,000 to $540,000,000. Moreover, the proportion of exports of manufactured goods is now large, being 29 per cent. of the whole. The aggregate of exports of manufactures reaches nearly $300,000,000.

THE QUESTION OF PEACE.

Peace is within our power. It rests with this country to determine the time when the war shall cease. How and when we shall exercise the power is matter for serious consideration. We may permit Spain to understand that our conditions will be hard, and we shall continue to have war for a long time to come. On the other hand, we may assure her that the nation will be as generous to its defeated foe as our sailors and soldiers have been to Cervera and Toral, and we may have peace at any time. At least, we may have a cessation of hostilities; for definitive and technical peace depends upon the Senate, which may possibly follow its recent traditions and refuse to accept any treaty to which the executive powers of the two countries may agree. Such a state of things as may be created by the inaction of the Senate, or by its refusal to accept the terms agreed to by the President, may endure for years, and there may nevertheless be a real peace all the time. The President has the matter in his own hands. He may accept overtures and may conclude a treaty. If his treaty require the evacuation of any part of Spanish territory by American forces, he can carry out that requirement while the Senate is debating his treaty, or, better still, before it meets for its consideration.

The question as to the prospects of peace depends entirely upon the terms which we are to exact from Spain. If by these terms she is left with something that she will inevitably or probably lose by a continuation of the war, peace may be had very soon. If, however, our demands, if acceded to, would strip Spain of all her colonial possessions, or would humiliate her beyond endurance, she would probably continue the war for the simple reason that if she is to lose all in any event, she would prefer to lose gloriously by fighting to the death, than to give up while she still possesses soldiers and other resources. As the London *Spectator* says: "If the American people desire that the terms should be hard they will be hard, and, as we think, they will be too hard to tempt Spaniards to abandon their ideas as to what in the way of resistance is demanded of them by honor. There will be peace, no doubt, in the end. Indeed, when bull-dog and blood-hound meet in combat there always is peace, serene peace—for the survivor."

This question of terms is one of great and immediate importance. The determination which we reach will mean either peace or a continuation of the war, and in the continuation of the war is involved the problem of expansion. Nothing that can happen to us, we think, will go so far to make this country a colonial power like France and Germany, but not at all like England, as the continuation of the war against Spain. The passion of the people, with whom the decision ultimately rests, will be more and more inflamed by the stubborn resistance of the Spaniards, by every battle that is made necessary by such resistance, by the loss of American lives, by the piling up of war expenses, already enormous, by the interruption and depression of trade which is sure to come sooner or later. Besides, we are beginning to believe that we have been mistaken as to the character of the Cuban insurgents; that instead of being a worthy and heroic people struggling for their liberty and for self-government, their soldiers in the field at least are worthless and half barbarous, willing to take what we are ready to give for nothing, willing to stand passively and cowardly by while American soldiers are shot down in what they regard as their own cause, and eager to claim the fruits of our victories, to which they have shamefully neglected to contribute. The Spaniards whom they have shot at most eagerly were the poor victims of **Cervera**'s fleet as they swam ashore from their wrecked ships. On these helpless men the Cubans seem to have been willing to do murder, but when it came to fighting armed Spaniards in the open, they left that dangerous work to our troops. The war will not have to last much longer before the American people will conclude, unjustly no doubt, that these barbarians in the eastern end of the island are typical Cubans, and will make up their minds that such a people do not possess the capacity for self-government. Not much more fighting, either, will be necessary to convince a large number of Americans that the Philippines ought not to be left under the government of Spain, nor at the tender mercies of the insurgents. In a word, as the war goes on, the chances that we shall keep whatever territory we conquer are stronger and stronger.

The time has not yet passed, however, when we may make peace on the terms on which we began the war; and if we do that, our problem is settled; while if we go on until it becomes impossible or difficult to give up Cuba, or the Philippines, or Puerto Rico, or the Ladrones either to their people or to Spain, we shall be forced to face new political problems, national and international, of the gravest character. Our right to begin the war, or to intervene, as set forth by the President in his message to Congress of April 11, rested on four grounds: first, the cause of humanity; second, our duty to protect our own citizens in Cuba; third, the injury to commerce caused by the "wanton destruction of property and devastation of the island"; fourth, the menace to our peace caused by the condition of Cuba. The resolutions in pursuance of which war was declared stated that the reason for the war was "the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba." They then declared that the "people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent"; that it was the duty of the United States to demand that Spain "relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters." The resolutions then authorized the President "to use the entire land and naval force of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, *to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.*" Finally Congress disclaimed, on the part of the United States, "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty or control over the island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The war was begun, therefore, for the liberation of Cuba, and the President's authority to carry it on is actually limited to the accomplishment of the task of driving Spain out of the island. That object accomplished, the professed reason for the war ceases to exist, while we are under a solemn promise to withdraw, and to leave the "government and control of the island to its people." It is true that we have a right to indemnity and to security against the future, and to that end we control Manila and shall control Puerto Rico. Moreover, it is also true that either the Spaniards or the Cubans may so change conditions that our agreement may cease to be binding in conscience. At present, however, there is every reason to insist that if peace shall be made, the stated reasons on which the war was begun cannot be honorably departed from. We must give Cuba to the Cubans, and in the Philippines we can only demand a tenancy, or a right, which shall assure us a fair indemnity for the cost of the war.

The proposition before the country is plain. Either we must make peace at once, returning to our ordinary vocations, looking after our own affairs, withdrawing from expenditures that make taxation onerous, becoming again the republic teaching the blessings of peace, or we must go on with the war. If we accept the latter alternative, we shall doubtless, in the end, assume the government of distant colonies. The people of the islands which we shall take, including Cuba, are opposed to the proposition that we shall govern them. They are unlike us, and most of them are barbarians. We will not colonize these islands, because they are tropical, and white men do not colonize the tropics. We shall be obliged to govern them without their consent. In order to do that we shall be forced to maintain a large navy and a large standing army. The cost of these necessities will be great in money, but greater still in their moral and political effect, for, with large military establishments and distant dependencies, we must have a stronger Executive than we have now, and less meddling from Congress. We must then have an Executive powerful enough to act in a question of war and peace on his own initiative, for our borders will lie next to those of the quarrelling nations of Europe. And we must consider, too, what consequences will follow in our domestic affairs when we arm the Executive with stronger powers and give to him a large army to maintain and enforce them. All these matters must be thought of at once, for if we prolong the war we shall need to change our government; if, on the other hand, we are content with our present conditions, we shall make peace as soon as we can with dignity.

JUSTICE AND "IMPERIALISM."

Zola has been condemned again, and sentenced. It appears that he has run away rather than undergo his sentence. He has appealed to Philip sober, to posterity, to what you will. Only he has admitted by evasion that France is in the mean while too hot to hold a courageous writer who has shown a disposition to tell the truth about a case pending in the French courts.

The American who concludes that the French courts are deliberately doing injustice for the sake of doing it would conclude rashly. French magistrates "average up" very fairly with American magistrates. There is no more popular desire in France than there is in America to do injustice, even upon a Jew, for the sake of doing it. And yet here is the case: A court martial has condemned to a punishment which is almost capital, and which to some temperaments would be more than capital, for an offence which at the most is technical. **Dreyfus** did not mean to betray his country for hire, and nobody any longer really maintains that he did. And yet, in order to procure the conviction of a man who is otherwise than technically innocent, the Minister of War comes into court to read into a memorandum a name that is not there, the high generals of the army come into a civil court to tell the jury what verdict it ought to find. The judges of the civil courts not only permitted but eagerly promoted this scandalous attempt to prostitute their courts from instruments of justice to instruments for the promotion of discipline in the army, and for the suppression of public criticism upon the procedures of the army.

It is very surprising, very pathetic. There must be a cogent reason for it. This reason is to be sought in the military situation of France. To tell the truth about **Dreyfus**, or do justice in his case, it has been said a hundred times over, would be to "compromise the national defence." Specifically, it seems that it would be to imperil the Russian alliance. The Russian alliance, in the view not only of the leaders of the army, but of the judges of the tribunals, is more important than the doing of justice between man and man.

We do not, and in the present state of the disclosures we cannot, know how much of truth there is in this view, how much the Russian alliance would be imperilled by the publication of the truth about **Dreyfus**, and by the permission to **Zola** to justify himself, if he can justify himself, by the production of all relevant and competent evidence. But we are bound to take notice of the predicament in which the French generals and the French judges are placed. If our own country were assailed by powerful enemies, and had but one friend in the world, we should all feel that the support of that friend was worth having at the cost of great sacrifices and of great losses, possibly even at the cost of doing grievous injustice to individuals, possibly at the loss, if we were generals or judges, of our own self-respect.

All that we are entitled to say in the presence of such a conflict is a thanksgiving that we are not subjected to such a temptation, and a prayer that we may be relieved from it. And yet is there not a party—and a very noisy and insistent party—which is bent upon taking us—a nation which has never known temptations of this kind—into the midst of them? France knows now, better than we know, the seriousness of **Jefferson**'s awful warning about "entangling alliances," but perhaps not better than we are doomed to know it. France is a militant nation by the very necessity of her existence. It is true, as **Bismarck** said long ago, that she might disarm, and that Europe might disarm, if she would explicitly renounce the project of reconquering the province which Germany conquered from her a quarter of a century ago. But it is true also, as **Bismarck** also said, that such a renunciation would be fatal to any French ministry, or to any individual French politician, who should venture upon making it. And so it is a national necessity that France should maintain a standing army of 550,000 men in time of peace; and it seems to be a national necessity also that the representatives of this huge force should be able to dictate the verdicts of juries, and that judges should be content to register the decrees of generals.

But the condition which is the doom of France there are a number of Americans who are insisting that we should incur, without any necessity whatever, and in mere "gayety of heart." Without question, as soon as we embark upon the policy of "imperialism," we shall be compelled to seek for alliances. In isolation we can protect our own coasts, but we cannot, in isolation, protect distant dependencies. We shall be forced to seek alliances; we shall be forced to maintain a great army. And it may very well be that in order to secure our alliances the chiefs of our great army may find it necessary to appeal to the courts to pervert themselves from ministers of justice to ministers of injustice. What a dreadful choice is this between justice and patriotism! If we incur it, we shall differ from France in that we have deliberately brought about the situation which offers such a choice, while she has had the situation thrust upon her.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Saturday, July 16.—The conditions of capitulation submitted to our government in a despatch from General Shafter were the following: All forces and war material in the territory lying east of a line from Aserradero to Sagua, *via* Palma, are included; the United States to transport, with as little delay as possible, all Spanish troops in the ceded district to the kingdom of Spain—the troops to embark at points conveniently near their present garrisons, officers to retain their side-arms, and both officers and men their personal property; Spanish authorities to be allowed to take the military archives belonging to surrendered district; volunteers and guerillas to be allowed to remain in Cuba under parole during the present war, giving up their arms; Spanish forces to march out of Santiago with honors of war, depositing their arms at a point mutually agreed upon, to await disposition of the United States government, it being understood that the American commissioners will recommend that the Spanish soldiers be allowed to return to Spain with their arms.

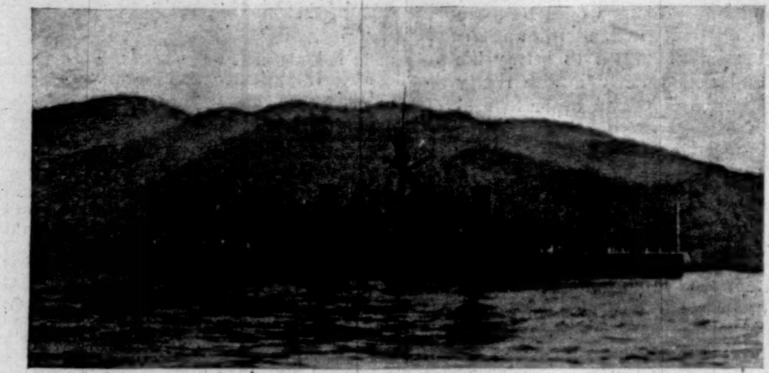
General Shafter stated that the surrender included about twelve thousand soldiers "against whom a shot has not been fired," and that the number of troops to be returned to Spain was above twenty-four thousand.

The contents of General Toral's letter, dated at Santiago July 15, and beginning, "I am now authorized by my government to capitulate," had already been made known at Washington; it is therefore only necessary to add, in order to show plainly the important successive steps in these negotiations: First, that our government adhered to its original demand that the surrender should be unconditional, thus declining the commissioners' suggestion in regard to the retention of arms by the Spanish troops, and, second, that the commissioners representing Toral and the Spanish government, yielding all other points for which they had stood out, received the promise that Spanish troops (not volunteers or guerillas) should be sent from the ceded district to Spain at our expense.

Sunday, July 17.—General Shafter and General Toral, with their staffs and escorts, met at a point between the lines of the Spanish and American forces at nine o'clock this morning. The Spanish commander, with a brief statement in his own language to the effect that Santiago de Cuba—city and province—had now been delivered into the custody of the United States, offered to give up his sword, but it was returned to him. The two generals then rode through the city, the American taking formal possession, as he narrates in a despatch of this date to Adjutant-General Corbin. "I have the honor," he says, "to announce that the American flag has been this instant (12 o'clock, noon) hoisted over the house of the civil government . . . . An immense concourse of people was present, a squadron of cavalry, and a regiment of infantry presenting arms, and a band playing national airs. A light battery fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Perfect order is being maintained by the municipal government. The distress is very great, but there is little sickness in town, and scarcely any yellow fever. A small gunboat and about two hundred seamen left by Cervera have surrendered to me. Obstructions are being removed from the mouth of the harbor. Upon coming into the city I discovered a perfect entanglement of defences. Fight-

(Continued on page 754.)

CREW OF THE "OREGON" CHEERING THE SURRENDER OF THE "COLON."



THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON" ON THE BEACH AT RIO TARQUINO, 48 MILES WEST OF SANTIAGO.

CAPTAIN CLARK AND ENSIGN HUSSEY ARE PLEASED AT A WELL-PLACED SHOT.

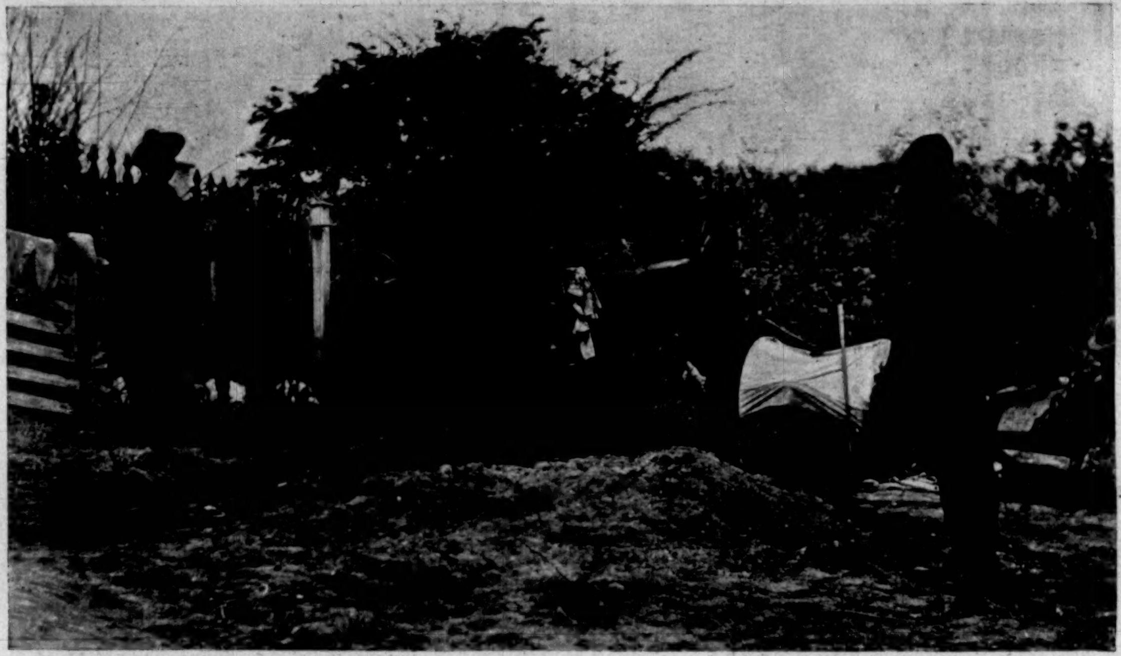
MEMBERS OF THE CREW WATCHING THE FALL OF A SHOT.

CAPT. CLARK, LIEUT'S NICHOLSON AND ACKERMAN, ENSIGN HUSSEY, ORDERLIES, AND PART OF CREW OF AFTER 13-INCH TURRET.

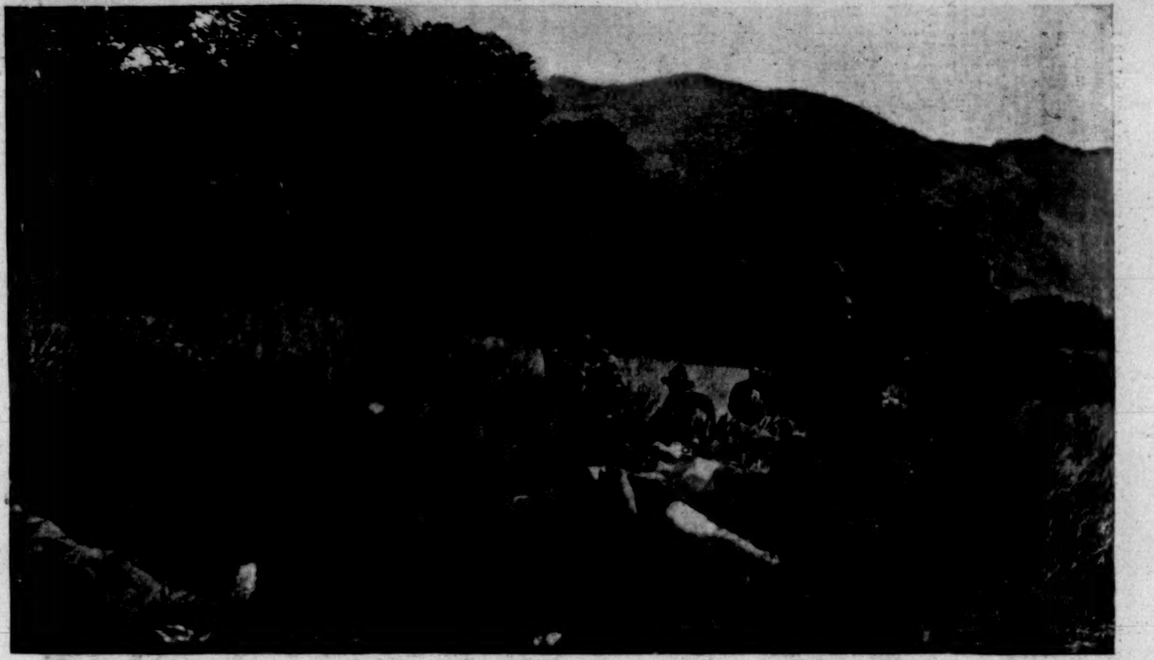
ON BOARD THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" DURING THE CHASE OF THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON," JULY 3.

TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT PASSING THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF LAS GUASIMAS.

ON THE BATTLE-GROUND OF LAS GUASIMAS—TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT.



GRAVES OF THE ROUGH RIDERS KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF LAS GUASIMAS.



BATTLE OF EL CANEY, JULY 1—CARING FOR THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In a letter addressed to Senator Hoar, Professor Norton says that the Senator's recent remarks at Worcester about him and his opinions, to which allusion was made in the Weekly last week, are based on misinformation. "You assail me," he writes, "for words which you say you have seen quoted as addressed by me to 'the youth of the university' where you and I were classmates more than fifty years ago. If you saw them thus quoted, you were led into error. No such words were addressed by me to the youth of the university. They are garbled sentences from an account in a Western newspaper of an interview with me dishonorably obtained and incorrectly reported. I did say to the youth of the university that this war with Spain was 'inglorious'; that for the accomplishment of the ends which, as a nation, we professed to seek by its means it was 'needless' and, consequently, 'criminal.'" To which Senator Hoar replies, in a letter addressed to Dr. Norton, that the opinions in question, whether literally reported or not, "are in general accord, I am sorry to say, with the sentiments I am constantly in the habit of hearing of as coming from you, both in public utterance and private speech, and of the style with which I used to be not unfamiliar when I occasionally met you." He adds: "All lovers of Harvard and all lovers of the country have felt for a long time that your relations to the university made your influence bad for the college and bad for the youth of the country. It was high time that somebody should say what I have said."

What Senator Hoar said of Professor Norton will do no harm, and may do good. When the Senator says that "*all* lovers of Harvard and *all* lovers of the country" have long felt that Dr. Norton's influence on youth was injurious, he goes too far. But it is true that a great many lovers of Harvard and of the country have thought that certain elements in Dr. Norton's influence were so deleterious as to more than counterbalance the value of that influence in other respects. It is an influence that has been potent for a generation with many of the cleverest men who have passed through Harvard college. It has been strong in kindness, in taste, and in most of the elements of civilization. Its defect in the eyes of those who have distrusted it has been that it has seemed to them to face backwards; to be a quencher of enthusiasm, an influence which disposed young men to regard themselves as citizens of a world which, on the whole, is unworthy, which saw its best days in Greece in the age of Pericles, and has had ups and downs ever since, with downward tendencies ominously noticeable at present. Ordinarily when we say a man is "not of this world," we mean that spiritual interests engross him overmuch; but if we should apply that phrase to Professor Norton we would probably mean that his world was the world of Greece and of æstheticism. We trace back our hopes for our civilization to a manger in Bethlehem, but Professor Norton's civilization has always seemed to look back regretfully, and rather hopelessly, to the Acropolis and the Parthenon. Perhaps these theories do him injustice, but whether just or not they exist.

In his letter to Senator Hoar Dr. Norton says, reproachfully: "You have seen fit, disregarding our almost lifelong relations of friendliness, to make a public attack on me of verbal severity." The implied reproach does not seem to be warranted. If Senator Hoar felt that the opinions imputed to Dr. Norton were doing harm and should be controverted, considerations of personal friendliness should not have excused him from assailing them. His age and his position made him a particularly fit person to say what he has said. Perhaps in manner he has shown some excess of zeal, but there is no trace of malignity either in his speech or in his letter, and in both he made himself clearly understood.

The average American, though he believes in the righteousness of the war with Spain, has no wish at all to humiliate Spain or do her any avoidable injury. Indeed, it is a sorrow to him that in fighting Spaniards we have to hurt them. He believes that there are multitudes of good Spaniards who hate this war far more than we do, and suffer from it immeasurably more than we can suffer. He doesn't want them to suffer any pang that can be avoided, and accordingly he reads with satisfaction of all the incidents of war in which humanity and the touches of nature that make the whole world kin show out against the background of hard knocks and distress. Here is a letter from Manila, dated "United States Ship *Concord*, May 4," which shows how strongly this sentiment of common human kindness, of which most of us are conscious, is felt by our brethren who are doing the actual work of this war:

> To-day I had a most grateful task in ministering to the comfort of the enemy. Two Spanish surgeons came on board of us early this morning in a little dugout, and asked to be permitted to see the Commander-in-Chief about the terrible condition of affairs at Cañacao, where the wounded are. They feared an uprising among the natives, who are largely insurgents and hate the Spaniards. They had only three days' provisions, and were suffering terribly. We did all we could for the poor fellows, who, indeed, looked the pictures of woe. Their uniforms were soiled and torn, and I took one of them into my room and let him have a good wash; he also exchanged his shirt and blood-bespattered trousers for clean ones. As the poor man glanced at my bureau and saw there the pictures of my wife and boys, tears stood in his eyes. "I also have a wife and two sons in Malaga," he said, taking from his pocket a much-worn envelope, and showing me a boyish scrawl at the end of a letter written in a delicate hand. The closing lines were: "Come home soon, dear papa. Your son, Juan." The poor man was almost overcome, and seemed helpless about Spain's prospects. He spoke of her misfortunes with deep feeling, attributing them to bigotry and ignorance. We made both surgeons comfortable in every way, and as they sat down to a good meal in the ward-room, one of them took from his pocket a crust of bread, saying he no longer needed that provision. One of these gentlemen was on the *Castilla*, the other on the *Isla de Cuba*, which latter made such a gallant resistance during the battle, exciting universal admiration. It is needless to say that they saved nothing but the clothes they stood in. When the Spaniards went on shore to the hospitals, where our sailors are on guard, our surgeon accompanied them. Everything will be done for their aid and protection which humanity can dictate.

The feeling shown by this naval officer who fought with Dewey is in interesting contrast to that noticed in a recent issue of an over-zealous newspaper (the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*), which remarked with some anxiety on a tendency to coddle Spanish prisoners of war—a tendency which it traced to the same weak-minded sentimentalism that induces some persons to send flowers to murderers under sentence of death.

Sympathy for our side in our war with Spain comes from two sources, which the reader of history will find particularly interesting. A Philadelphia newspaper, which is quoted by Dr. William Elliot Griffis (editor of the abridged edition of Motley's *Dutch Republic*), prints a letter from a correspondent in Rotterdam, who says that, while most of Continental Europe is inclined to sympathize with Spain, Holland stands out for the Cubans. It is apparent, from the leanings of the Dutch newspapers, that Holland has not yet forgotten Alva.

An analogous report comes from Jerusalem in the form of a copy of a prayer offered at Jerusalem on June 17, at a service in behalf of the American arms, held before a large congregation of Jews in the largest synagogue in the city. "Let Thy face shine, O God," runs this prayer, "on the young men and their leaders who risk their lives for a just cause to save the oppressed from their oppressors. But on their adversaries show Thy might. Avenge the blood of Thy servants that has been shed by a cruel nation, and crush Thine enemies for aye."

Several interesting changes are announced in the world of periodical literature. The *Critic*, after prevailing as a weekly for eighteen years, is to assume the shape and dimensions of a magazine, and to be issued monthly. The *Chap-Book* of Chicago has been bought by the *Dial* of the same town and ceases to exist, except so far as its presence may be detected in the *Dial's* inner consciousness. The *Chap-Book* was started in May, 1894, in Cambridge, by two Harvard undergraduates, and has been issued semi-monthly. One hundred numbers of it in all were published, and there were few dull ones, if any, in the lot. When a periodical sells out and disappears, the inference is that it didn't pay. In the *Chap-Book's* case a good many mourners will be ready to say, "We could have better spared some better-paying paper."

The *Independent* assumes magazine form (like the *Outlook*), but continues to be a weekly. It seems good to be in the fashion, whether the goods concerned are periodicals or millinery, and the magazine form is just now very much the fashion among the unillustrated weeklies.

A comment in the Weekly of July 16 about a recent disturbance at West Point which led to the third class being put under arrest gave an impression which seems to have been unjust. It is true that the third class did "holler" for Colonel Mills, the late commandant, now or recently at Santiago, but the cause of their demonstration was not a pressure of martial enthusiasm, but dissatisfaction over sundry innovations in the routine of their summer work which Colonel Mills's successor has introduced. The present commandant has made changes in tactical instruction, and has introduced practical field marches in full field equipment, reconnoissance, outpost duty, and advance-guards, in force with all arms, which has made the experiences of the present third class somewhat more laborious than those of their predecessors. Coming in from a stiff practice march on a warm morning the third class did indicate in a noisy and unauthorized manner their preference for the old way of doing things. That was insubordination, and was "mildly disciplined by the regular punishment prescribed for such an offence." It is proper to add that the practical fieldwork which the present commandant, Colonel Hein, has substituted for some of the drills on the plain is stated to be in line with advanced modern military methods in use in Europe, and is highly commended by competent authorities. "The work," writes an informant of the Weekly, "is novel and arduous, but, I believe, is thoroughly endorsed and appreciated by the cadets themselves."

Contrite acknowledgment is made of a slip in this department of the Weekly for July 9, which located the Tuskegee Institute in Mississippi instead of in Alabama. It is in Russell County, Alabama, twelve miles from Columbus, Georgia.

The University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, which, as lately noted, sent an unusually large proportion of its graduating class to the war, has been looking up its war record, and finds that nine of its graduates are commissioned officers in the navy and forty-six in the army—in all fifty-five, besides a good many non-commissioned officers. At least four officers who were graduates of this university are known to have been in the fights about Santiago. Two of them, Lieutenants McCorkle and Bernard, were killed, and one was wounded. The university also had three men in the battle of Manila—Lieutenant Nelson and Assistant-Engineer Delaney of the *Olympia*, and Lieutenant Joynes of the *McCulloch*.

The Chillicothe (Ohio) *Leader-Gazette* communicates to the Weekly its approval of the proposal to take the pictures of the Royal Gallery of Madrid in part payment of a war indemnity from Spain. The *Leader-Gazette* says, "The people of Spain prize this collection most highly, and would keenly feel its loss, so that this demand would be an exceedingly proper form of punishment for them."

But are the American people especially bent on devising proper punishments for the people of Spain? A despatch from Santiago, published in the New York *Herald* of July 20, represents General Shafter as saying to a Cuban emissary, who inquired if Santiago was to remain "in the hands of our enemies": "The Spaniards are not our enemies. We are fighting the soldiers of Spain, but have no desire to despoil her citizens." It seems likely that our Chillicothe neighbor will find this sentiment pretty prevalent among the Americans. We do not look upon the Spaniards as our enemies in the sense of wanting to punish them any more than we can help, and we certainly do not want to despoil the citizens of Spain. There seems no probability that the expediency of looting the Royal Gallery at Madrid will be seriously considered in this country. The statement, presumably true, that many of the pictures in it were spoils of former wars does not signify, for they were not stolen from us. The Spaniards of this generation seem to have the sins, political and social, of at least ten generations to answer for. They have enough on their hands without having special punishments invented for them.

A Michigan reader of the Weekly is apprehensive that "we who have done so well in the great things of this war are about to make a trifling and humiliating mistake" in our treatment of Admiral Cervera. He fears we will dine the admiral too much and throw him too many bouquets, and lionize him in a way prejudicial to our national self-respect.

It seems likely that our Michigan friend will find his fears without a basis. The admiral and all the Spanish officers who are prisoners of war are practically in mourning. Their country is in straits, and they would be in no humor to be "fêted" even if such a thing were proposed. They are likely to receive the treatment they would naturally prefer, in being well cared for, courteously used, and protected in retirement in some quiet place. As prisoners of war they would seem to be very well off at Annapolis.

It is related—the present version of the story is taken from a London newspaper—that when Alfonso XII., the late King of Spain, lay dying, he was heard to mutter several times: "What a conflict! My God, what a conflict!" He was not suffering greatly at the time, and some one asked him what he meant. The story goes that he said, "I see a conflict in the future."

It ought to be possible to verify so interesting a story if it is true, but what the dying King saw—if he did see it—was no more than was foreseen by some Spanish statesmen in full possession of health and all their faculties.

The government of Spain was warned many years ago, by faithful and distinguished servants of its own, that it could not hope to hold its colonies. A paragraph recently current in the newspapers, though not at this moment available, told circumstantially of one distinguished Spaniard, afterwards Captain-General of Cuba, who entreated the home government to prepare for the amicable separation of the colonies, and if not, at least to strengthen their defences. But the Spanish government did neither. Governments that cannot see, as a rule cannot hear either; nor has there been any recent Spanish government which, if it could have seen and heard and anticipated all that was coming, was strong enough to take such action as would have proved efficacious. Sagasta's predicament seems to be a good deal like Cervera's. He has the choice of being blown up in a harbor or of making a fight for it outside and being driven ashore. Keeping up the war in Cuba is Spain's way of applying an external blister to reduce internal inflammation. The blistering process must go on until more of the fever leaves the patient.

The Municipal Art Society of New York thinks that more suitable provision should be made for the flag which now flies from the staff on the cupola of the City Hall, and has arranged for a competition of designs for a bronze base for a standard similar to those in the piazza of St. Marks in Venice. It offers prizes of $400, $200, and $100 for the best three works submitted, the decision to be made by a jury of fifteen members appointed by the directors of the society. The designs and models must be sent to the secretary of the society (215 West Fifty-seventh Street) on or before October 15, 1898. The cost of the standard must not exceed $3000.

The society's enterprise is particularly opportune. There never was a time when the people of New York seemed more likely to value and appreciate a good base for a flagstaff than at present. There is no money actually in sight to make the base even when the design has been accepted, but the society believes that if the design has merit enough, either the city or some munificent citizen will furnish the funds to realize it in bronze.

Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, who died in Washington on July 12, was one of those fortunate men who find out very early in life what they want to do and spend all their days in doing it. He was born in Ohio in 1820, and was only fifteen years old when he determined, in spite of parental discouragement, to be a midshipman. An appointment was gotten for him in 1836, and after three months of study he was kept at sea nearly all the time for five years. In 1842, after examination, he became a passed midshipman, and in 1849 got his commission as lieutenant. In 1861, after a long period of almost continuous sea duty, he was in charge of the naval rendezvous at Baltimore, but applied at once for active duty. In the civil war, in command of the *Sebago*, he served at the capture of Port Royal, and under Admiral Du Pont in operations on the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. In command of the Monitor *Patapsco* he took part in the unsuccessful attempt on Charleston in April, 1863. As commander of the *Mohican* he took part in the capture of Fort Fisher.

After the war President Grant appointed him chief of the Bureau of Navigation, in which capacity he had the management of the surveys for a canal through Central America. He was greatly interested in that project, and was a member of the board which, after four years' study of the canal problem, reported unanimously in favor of the Nicaraguan route.

In December, 1877, he was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and six months later, at his own request, was retired. He invented the life-raft used on American ships, and designed the ram *Katahdin*, the sluggishness of which he was wont to attribute to changes in her lines for which he was not responsible.

He was an intimate personal friend of General Grant, whose life he is said to have saved on some occasion when both were young men.

The intention of the Common Council of New York to put a stop to the public use of unseemly language in the streets of New York is highly creditable, and it is to be hoped that the measures taken may prove effective. The law already provides against bad language, but its requirements have been so conspicuously neglected that a revival of its force was necessary.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

July 9, 1898.

It is long since the Fourth of July engaged as much attention throughout the United Kingdom as it has done during the past week. While serious Englishmen were threshing out the subject at thousands of solemn dinner tables, Colonel Hay's speech at the banquet of the American Society, in proposing the toast "The Day we Celebrate," was an utterance of unusual distinction even for the American ambassador. One hundred and twenty-one celebrations of the Fourth of July have crippled the resources of the English language. Nothing new can be said in praise of the Declaration of Independence or of the great nation that to-day fills the thoughts of white men from Vladivostok to Cape Clear. Europe suffers from an obsession of the United States. When, therefore, Colonel Hay struck a deeper note than usual, every one present at the Fourth of July banquet was touched with genuine emotion. I question if there was a cynic in the room, although cynics are plentiful at the height of the London season. Less given to speech-making than some of his predecessors, the American ambassador manages to fill the eye and to touch the imagination of our people with a dignity and reserve force highly conducive to the best interests of his countrymen. Every one agreed that his speech at the Hotel Cecil reached the high-water mark of the best contemporary oratory. Colonel Hay was not merely eloquent. As spokesman for a victorious nation of seventy millions of people, he made our hearts burn within us. His speech will not be forgotten.

On July 5 an enormous Anglo-American garden party was given by Sir Francis and Lady Cook at Richmond. The news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the defeat of the murderers of Rodriguez was then known to every one. Members of Parliament and men of light and leading, with their families, intermingled with a great company of American citizens. I observed two Scotch members of Parliament, ordinarily very reserved men and totally unused to making advances to "perfect strangers," shyly introducing themselves to a group of American guests from St. Louis, and establishing, in the course of a few moments, a cordial Anglo-American alliance. I mention the incident as a sign of public opinion. It would not have happened a year ago.

Some of the London clubs celebrate the Fourth of July by taking steps to alter their statutes, which provide, in the majority of cases, that only British subjects are eligible for membership. This step is a practical proof of the extent to which American friendship is welcomed by conservative Britons. It cannot be said that this good feeling was merely evoked by recent American successes. Mr. Henry Norman, in the *Daily Chronicle*, writing from Washington, gives a wise word of warning to Englishmen. He tells us that the American people believe that the British people are eagerly seeking an alliance with them. I do not think that is the case. If Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech at Birmingham was open to criticism, not only by his political opponents, it was mainly on the ground that its tendency was to give foreign nations the impression that England was touting for an alliance. England is not suing for the protection of any one, not even for that of her own kith and kin. No one can lay down with dogmatic certainty exactly how far public opinion really goes, but so far as I can interpret the mind of England at this moment it is that she holds that a blow struck at America, or any attempt to wrest from the United States the fruits of her sacrifices in blood and treasure, should be resisted by England precisely as though it were struck at herself. Beyond that point public opinion does not pass—at least to-day. The Fourth of July dinner in London on Monday night was by far the most remarkable celebration of Anglo-American amity that has ever taken place in this country. There is an absurd rumor from Windsor that George III. turned in his grave on the last anniversary of the disintegration of the empire—for which his dull Teutonic obstinacy was mainly responsible—being celebrated in the presence of British bishops and British members of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Dufferin and the Marquis of Ripon have both held the greatest offices under the crown, and they belong to opposite sides of politics. When Lord Dufferin and Lord Ripon interchange compliments with the American ambassador in mutual consciousness of the functions of the Atlantic cable, the project of a steady understanding between the two nations stands on a firm foundation. To push the friendship into premature partnership would end it. Solid amity engendered by mutual interests and cemented by common dangers, rather than the fleeting bliss of an international honey-moon of the Franco-Russian type, is the goal at which wise men on this side of the Atlantic are consciously aiming.

During a recent visit to Portsmouth I have had the opportunity of hearing the views of some of our naval and military authorities on the subject of recent achievements of American arms. Lieutenant Hobson's feat is naturally that which most strikes the imagination of naval men. Surprise was expressed that the operation of countermining was not resorted to at Santiago. On board the series of vessels known as the *Vernon* (the torpedo establishment at Portsmouth) a working model is shown of an apparatus intended for the same purpose as that for which the *Merrimac* was sunk by Lieutenant Hobson and his gallant companions. This apparatus enables a vessel, without a soul on board, to be controlled from the flag-ship. Her engines are started and stopped by electricity. Her steering-gear is operated by the same means; and at a given point, within a radius of about two and a half miles, the engines are stopped and the ship herself sunk by touching a key on board the flag-ship, which explodes a charge of guncotton. Naval men at Portsmouth are curious to know whether the American navy is provided with this device.

The admiration and interest manifested in the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet are indescribable. Our naval officers look upon it as a splendid achievement, reflecting inexpressible credit on the officers and men of the blockading squadron. The practical immunity from the effects of Spanish fire by Admiral Sampson's fleet is considered as eloquent testimony to the design and construction of the American ships. It is believed that the vogue of the battle-ship will be greatly enhanced by the teachings of the battle off Santiago, and that naval problems left unsettled by the engagement at Yalu will now be elucidated. The fine gunnery traditional in the American navy has been maintained, and to perfect training in fire discipline is the victory largely due. Such is the crushing disparity between the naval capacity of the two nations that it is believed that if the Spanish fleet had been manned and fought by American officers and crews, and Admiral Sampson's squadron led by Admiral Cervera and his officers and men, the loss of life on the American side might perhaps have been greater, but the result would have been the same. If proof were needed, it is supplied by the gallant action of the *Gloucester*, commanded by Lieutenant Wainwright. Wainwright's failure to observe his admiral's signal is Nelsonic. The opinion of the professional experts coincides with that of hard-worked lieutenants of the Channel squadron. It is that the American navy, both as regards *personnel* and *matériel*, is now as near perfection as skill, courage, practice, and discipline can attain, and is quite as good as the best in the world. It may be interesting to add that this result is ascribed partially to the freedom from political interference enjoyed by the fleets of the United States. These views, which are general, were not expressed for publication, and therefore possess such value as attaches to unpremeditated and sincere appreciation. German comment on Commodore Schley's victory is acidulous, but since the achievements of the German navy are still on the knees of the gods, the acerbity of Teuton observations may be borne by Americans with equanimity. The German Emperor is not the type of man to be trusted with battle-ships. In the interests of humanity, it is a pity that he has contracted a taste for colonies. The Germans will have a bitter awakening when they learn that their colonial aspirations will lead to nothing so long as the pickelhaube system of administration is adopted. The German navy is a danger-point.

While touching on naval matters I may mention that the British Admiralty has given an order for two torpedo-boat-destroyers the specification of which provides for a speed of thirty-five knots an hour. The "catchers" in question are to be engined by a rotary motor on the turbine principle invented by the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, a son of the late Lord Ross, whose name will always be identified with the great telescope which he erected at his Irish residence, Birr Castle, in King's County. The officers and men of the United States ship *Brooklyn* will remember how, at the naval review at Spithead in 1897, the *Turbinia*, a little launch of about forty tons, engined on the rotary system, attracted the attention of the whole fleet by the phenomenal pace at which she dashed up and down the line between the British battle-ships and the foreign men-o'-war—among which was the unlucky *Vizcaya*. In the opinion of Mr. Parsons, the inventor, the principle is not only applicable, but can be utilized with greater facility, in the case of large ships than in that of small.

With regard to the military side of the campaign, sympathy is felt with General Shafter for apparently being subject to constant cable instructions from Washington. The lesson of England's wars, great and small, has borne in upon our rulers the necessity for choosing as commander the best man available, supplying him with what he wants in the way of materials and men, giving him a free hand, and then holding him strictly responsible for the results. The extraordinary difficulty of General Shafter's task is fully appreciated on this side, and the spirit displayed by the troops landed on a tropical shore in the worst season, after being cooped up on board ship, is the most remarkable exhibition of dauntless courage, physical stamina, and soldierly instincts that the world has seen for a long time past. The march from Baiquiri to Santiago recalls some of the conditions of Havelock's march to Lucknow, but it must be confessed that the difficulties in General Shafter's path were even greater than those of Havelock.

The epoch-making exploit of Commodore Schley has somewhat obscured the brilliancy of the feat accomplished by General Shafter's force. Military criticism agrees that the advance on Santiago was, under the circumstances, hazardous to the point of rashness, and that nothing but the magnificent material under his command would have brought General Shafter through. The Rough Riders' combat in the jungle against unseen foes, and their final success, are ranked among the finest things recorded in military history. It is amusing to note the changed tone of the German newspapers, obviously inspired by compulsory recognition of the fact that America is as great in war as in peace.

Much speculation has been aroused by the sudden announcement of the Admiralty that the naval manœuvres which have been held annually during the past eleven years will not take place. The reason given by Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is that it is inadvisable to decrease the stock of steam-coal held in reserve, having regard to the fact that the strike or lockout in South Wales might possibly spread to the non-associated collieries from which the royal navy has latterly been mainly supplied. To countermand the manœuvres owing to want of coal seemed to be so extraordinary a statement on the face of it that, although the excuse was accepted without demur in the House of Commons, I at once proceeded to South Wales to investigate the facts for the benefit of Harper's Weekly. If, as I now know, want of coal was not the real reason for annulling the customary naval manœuvres, then the true cause of the change is probably political, and therefore interesting to readers of the Weekly.

Coal suitable for the British navy has been produced in the Taff Valley for marine use since 1848, and is unrivalled for its special purpose, although Japanese and the Pocahontas coal of Virginia are respectable competitors. Its smokeless character, the small quantity of ash, and great steam-producing power are the chief characteristics of this famous coal. This steam-coal is a necessity to the British navy, but to get it to the surface requires peculiar skill and training. Mr. Goschen pointedly omitted to refer to the possibility of obtaining coal of equal quality from other collieries in South Wales. During my recent visit to the coal districts of South Wales, in which I saw the South Wales and Monmouthshire miners' committee, and the representatives of several employers, together with impartial persons not a few, I found complete unanimity in the opinion that there was no necessity to annul the manœuvres so far as an adequate supply of steam-coal is concerned. Supposing 40,000 tons to be the quantity required in order to enable the Admiralty to hold the manœuvres, this quantity could have been supplied by three weeks' extra output from one colliery not affected by the strike. The normal output of the Cambrian mine is about 18,000 tons a week, but at the present time upwards of 4000 men are employed at the mine, working double shift, and they have worked double shift since the middle of April. The extra output of the Cambrian colliery under the present circumstances is about 12,000 tons a week—that is, 30,000 tons weekly in all. There is no danger of the non-associated mines coming out on a strike. The contributions of the men at work are necessary for the maintenance of the men on strike. No difficulty would be experienced even now in obtaining the amount of coal required to hold the naval manœuvres without trenching upon the stock accumulated by the Admiralty. The advance of wages asked for by the men merely means an advance of twenty-five cents a ton on coal. If the Admiralty bought 40,000 tons for the manœuvres, the extra cost to the country involved in respect to the rise in wages would be $10,000—not a very large proportion of the sum of nearly $125,000,000 to be spent on the navy during the current year. It is thus clear that, whatever may be the real reasons for the postponement of the naval manœuvres, the want of coal is not one of them.

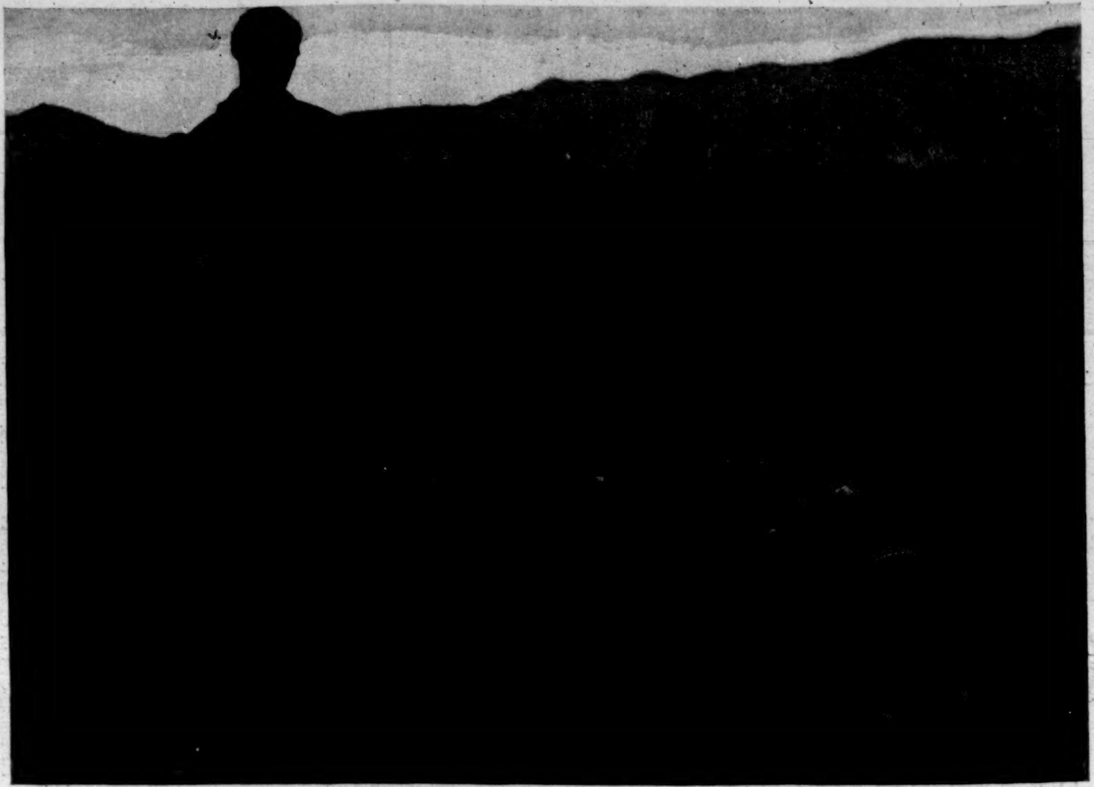
Notwithstanding all the denials received from Berlin and elsewhere in regard to any contemplated coercion of America in respect to the final disposition of the Philippine Islands, naval opinion inclines to believe that the assembling of a British fleet of overwhelming strength in home waters is not without meaning. The view at Portsmouth is that if a flying squadron comprising sixteen first-class battle-ships had been suddenly collected much attention would have been attracted all over the world. By the simple process of annulling the manœuvres and uniting the Channel and Reserve squadrons for practice, the desired object was achieved. If the manœuvres had been held, the various ships would have been separated, and possibly sent to a distance, and would certainly not have been available at a moment's notice—as is now the case. The advertisement of a great British fleet of battle-ships at Copenhagen also has its good points. It is intended to send the Channel and Reserve squadrons there during the Tsar's visit to Denmark.

The loss of the *Bourgogne* and the conduct of a portion of the crew recall to mind the struggle at the fire at the charity bazar in the Rue Jean Goujon in May of last year, which resulted in the safety of many men, the death of the Duchesse d'Alençon, the Comtesse de Mun, and scores of other distinguished ladies. The fact that one woman was saved from the *Bourgogne* is regarded here as tolerable evidence that passengers, at all events, are safer on board ships manned by English-speaking crews. The demoralization of France is shown by the ignoble struggle for life. The officers of the ship, including Captain Deloncle, seem to have preserved their reputation; at all events, they went down with the ship. But the fatal absence of self-control in time of stress and peril, and of the discipline which preserved the Rough Riders in their march through the Cuban jungle, is at the root of the decadence of France, and is the condemnation of Rousseau and the other makers of French ideals.

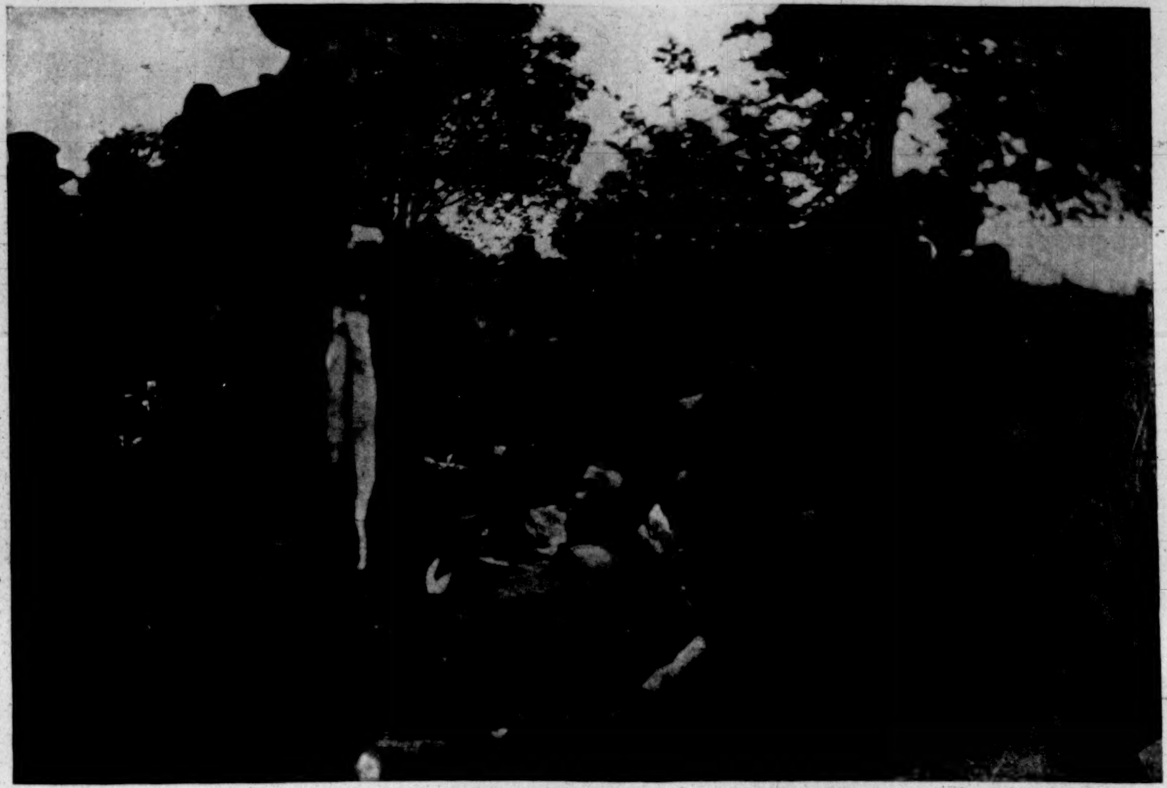
The final struggle for the possession of Khartoum is discussed with eager interest. The Khalifa has intrenched himself on the left bank of the Nile, on a plain covered with stones so white that in the moonlight it glistens like snow. The great final fight between the Dervishes and the Sirdar's troops is to come off at this place, which is called Kerreri, if the Khalifa is to get his way. The ideas of the Khalifa, however, may not be those of Kitchener. There is reason to believe that the Dervish leader will get another surprise. The trade of prophet in the Sudan has not lately been a prosperous one. It is feared that the loss of life in the final assault will be far greater than at the battle of the Atbara. General Gatacre, commanding the division of British troops, has in his force several men and boys trained at the Gordon Boys' Home, established to keep green the memory of General Gordon. General Gatacre writes to the chaplain of the Boys' Home to say that he shall make a point of seeing that those Gordon boys who may be under his command at the time of the assault shall get early into Khartoum. Most of them, however, are bandsmen or drummers, and the general says, with much point, that "if we have to take the place some bayonets must go in first."

The taking of Khartoum will only be the end of one act in the drama of establishing the "open door" at the source as well as at the mouths of the Nile. The French are already at Fashoda. The Russians are understood to have succeeded in poisoning the mind of Menelek, the Abyssinian Emperor, against England; and it is possible that new developments may take place which will put into the shade any difficulties hitherto experienced from the Khalifa. The English resident at the court of Menelek is now in London, but nothing is allowed to leak out as to the real state of our relations with Abyssinia. The treaty signed by Menelek and her Majesty's envoy at Addisabbaba, on the 14th May, 1897, was a one-sided instrument. Article 6 provided that Menelek was to do all in his power to prevent the passage through his dominions of arms and ammunition to the Mahdists, whom he declared to be the enemies of his empire. There is no reason to believe that the Ethiopian monarch has interpreted this article with any pedantic regard to scrupulous good faith. It is, of course, the object of Russia and of France to stir up hostility against England wherever they are able to do so. It is, however, ominous for the future peace of the world that the great task of opening up the heart of Africa to the commerce of all nations should be impeded by illicit intrigues between the powers which aspire to the leadership of the civilized world and barbarian blackamoors.

Arnold White.

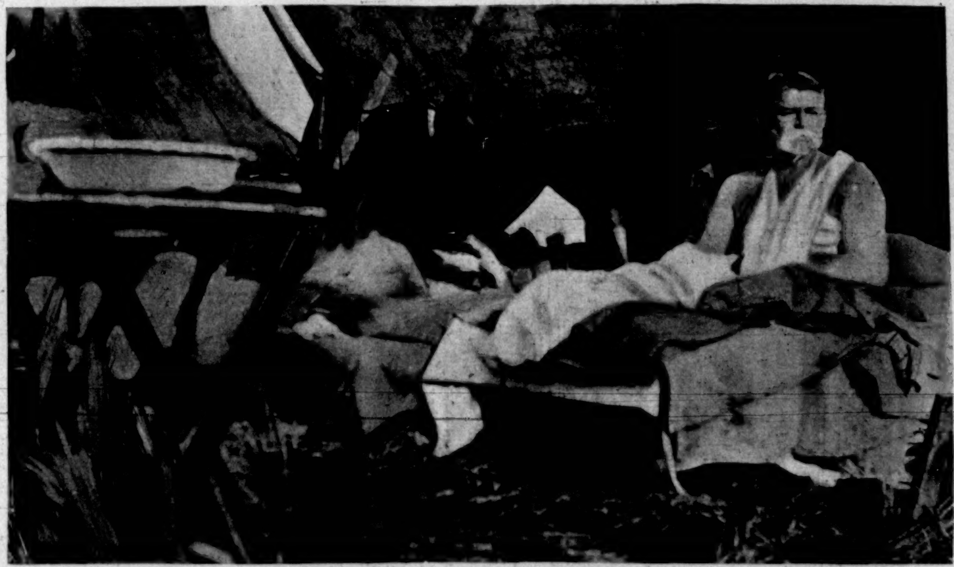


KILLED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



SURGEON ATTENDING TO THE WOUNDED IN THE FIELD HOSPITAL.

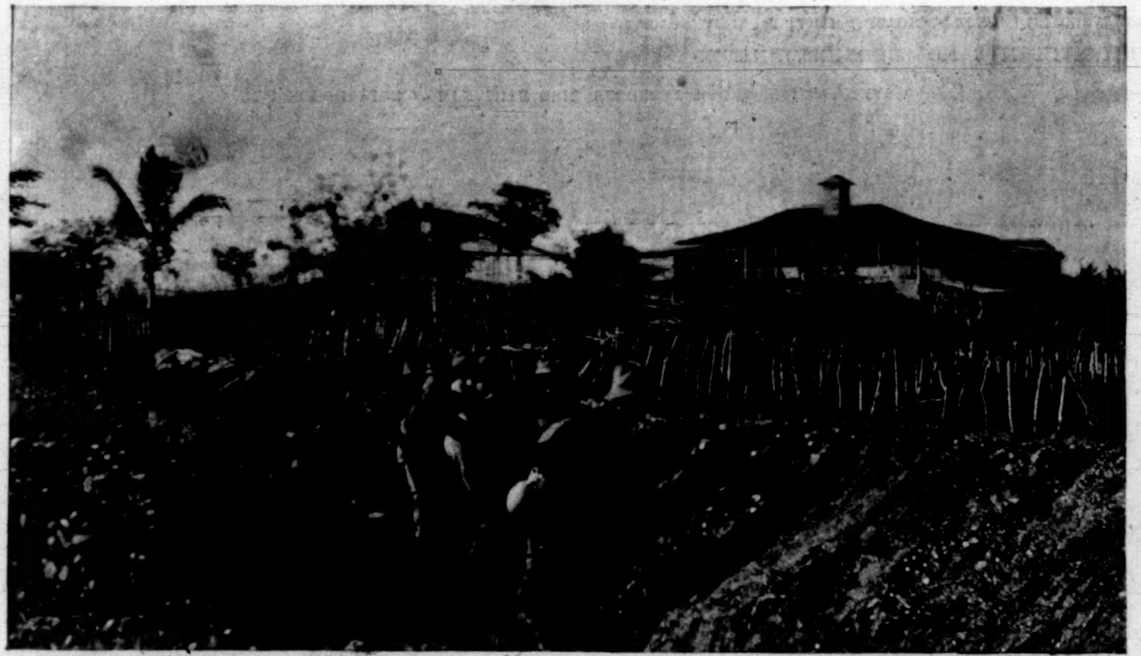
BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED FROM THE FIRING-LINE.



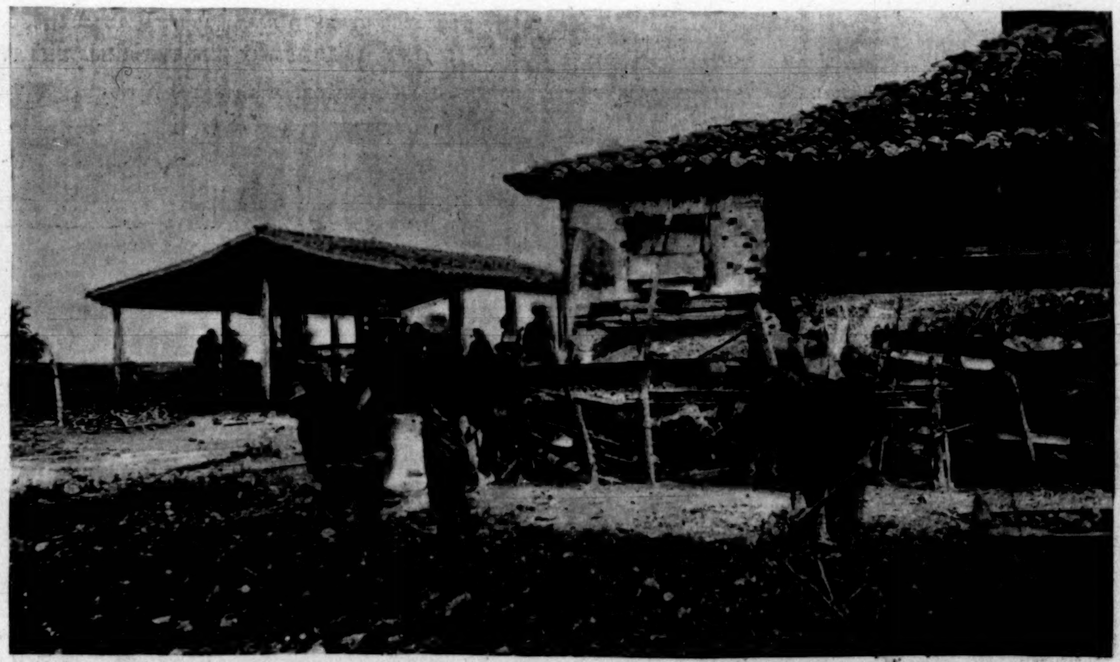
INTERIOR OF SECOND DIVISION HOSPITAL AFTER THE BATTLE—LIEUT.-COL. J. T. HASKELL, 17TH U. S. INFANTRY, WOUNDED IN RIGHT KNEE AND LEFT BREAST.

GENERAL LAWTON'S ATTACK WITH THE RIGHT WING—THE BATTLE OF EL CANEY, JULY 1.

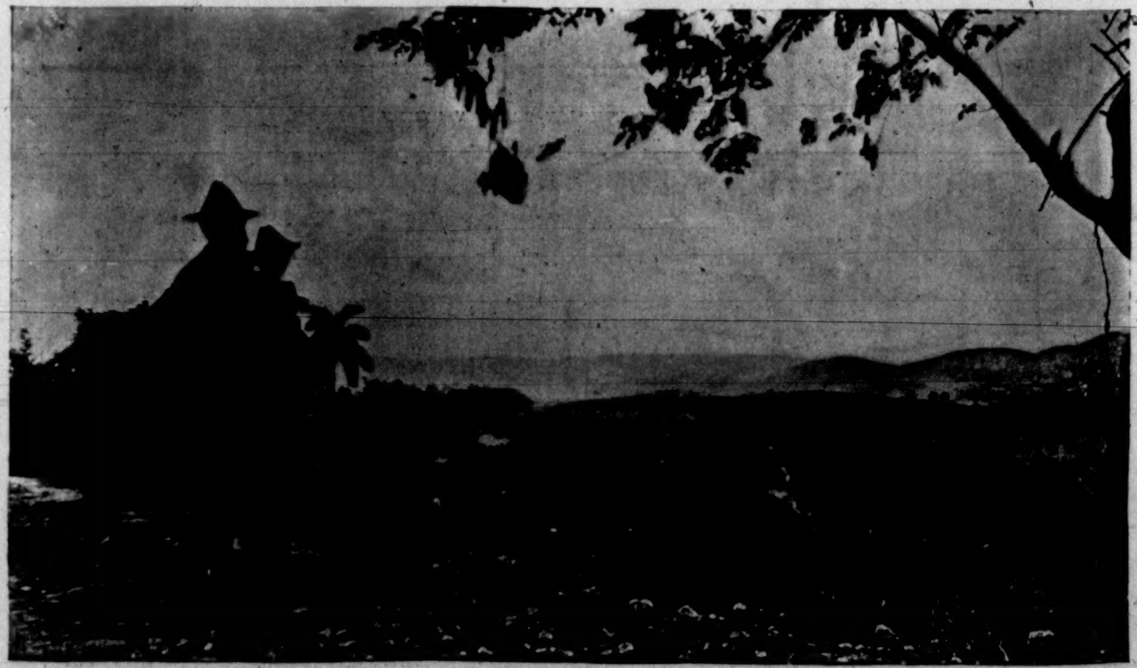
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



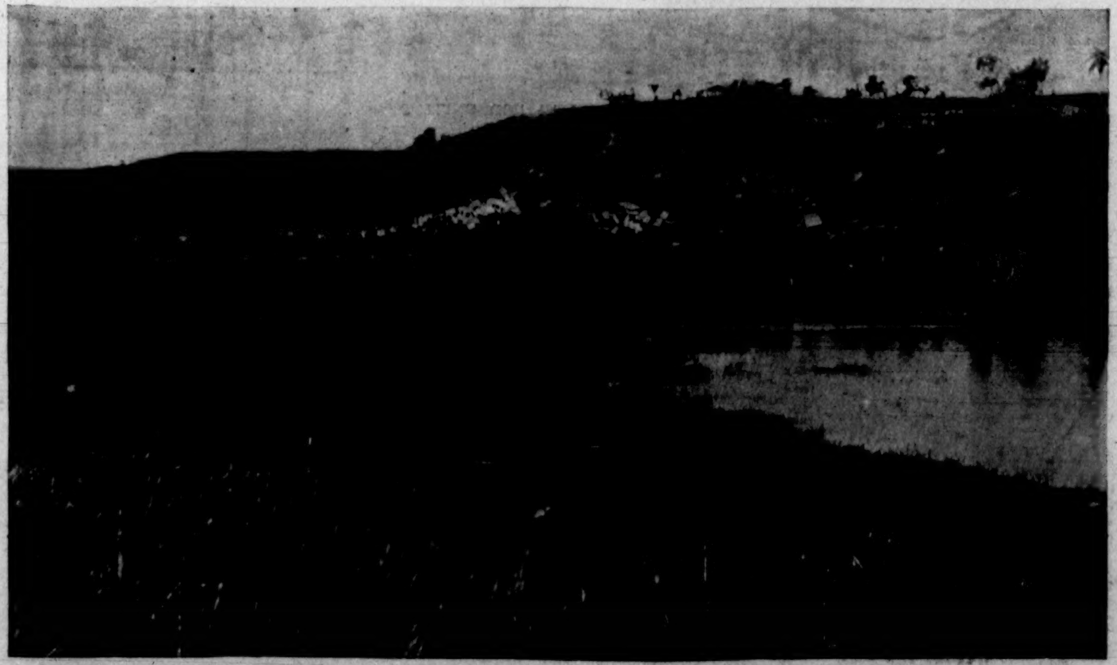
71st N. Y. VOLUNTEERS IN THE SPANISH INTRENCHMENTS ON SAN JUAN HILL—BLOCK-HOUSE IN BACKGROUND.



71st N. Y. VOLUNTEERS DIGGING NEW INTRENCHMENTS AT FORT SAN JUAN.



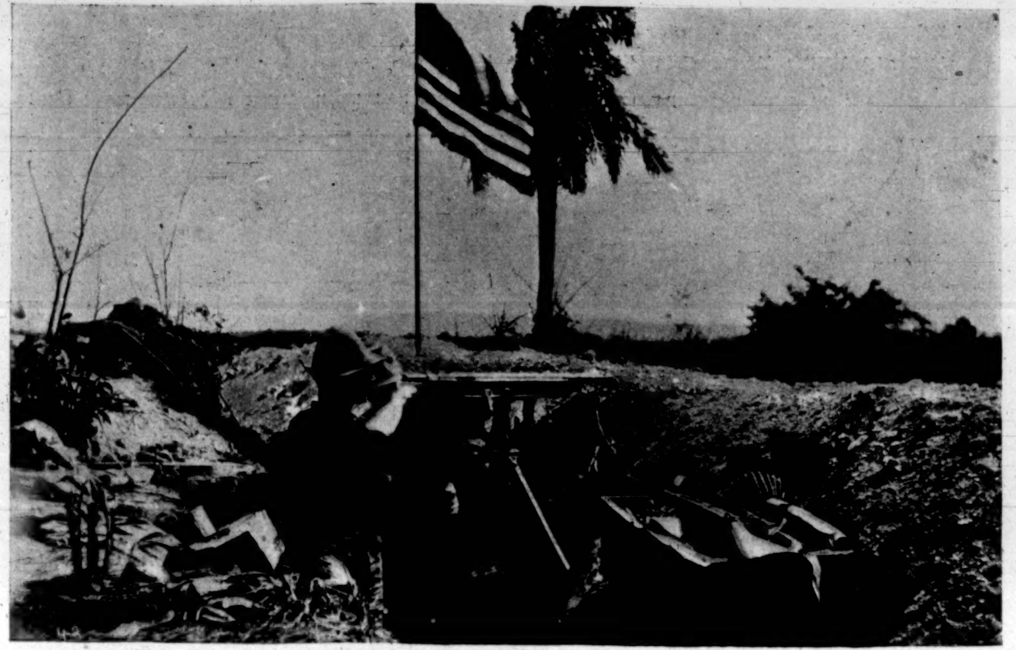
SCENE FROM SAN JUAN FORT, WHERE THE BIG BATTLE TOOK PLACE, SHOWING CAMP OF 71st N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.



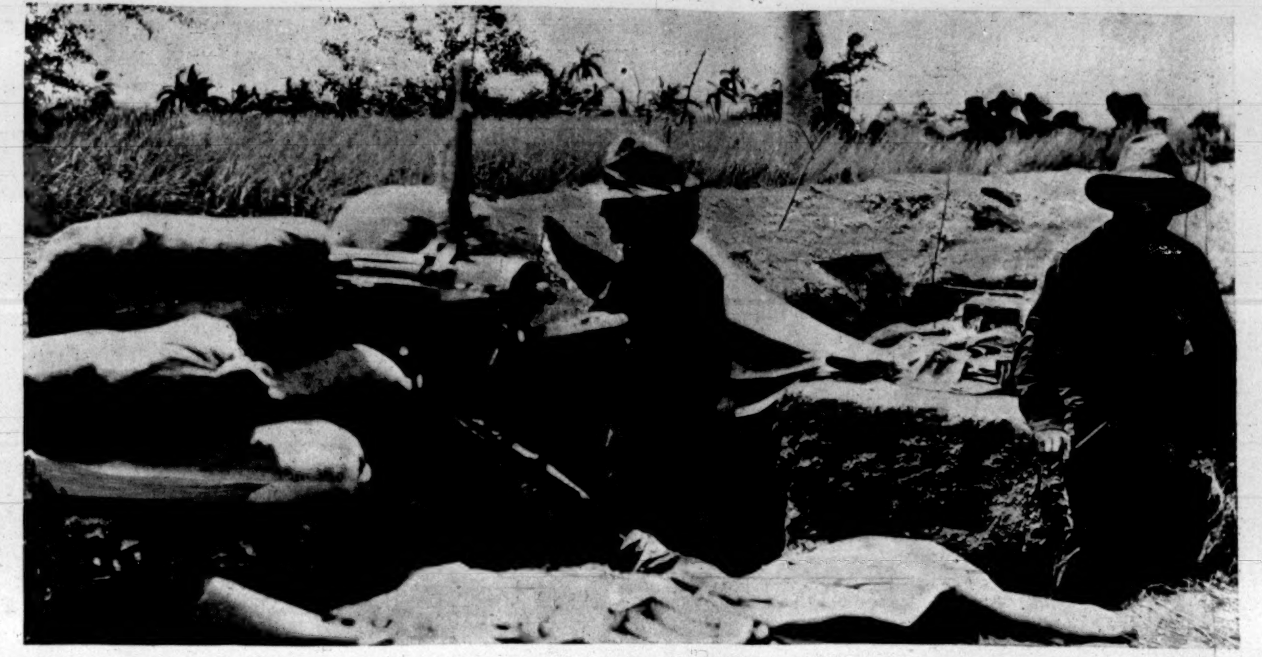
THE GROUND OVER WHICH OUR TROOPS CHARGED TO TAKE THE BLOCK-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

SAN JUAN HILL AND FORT, CHARGED AND CAPTURED BY OUR INFANTRY, UNSUPPORTED BY ARTILLERY, JULY 1.

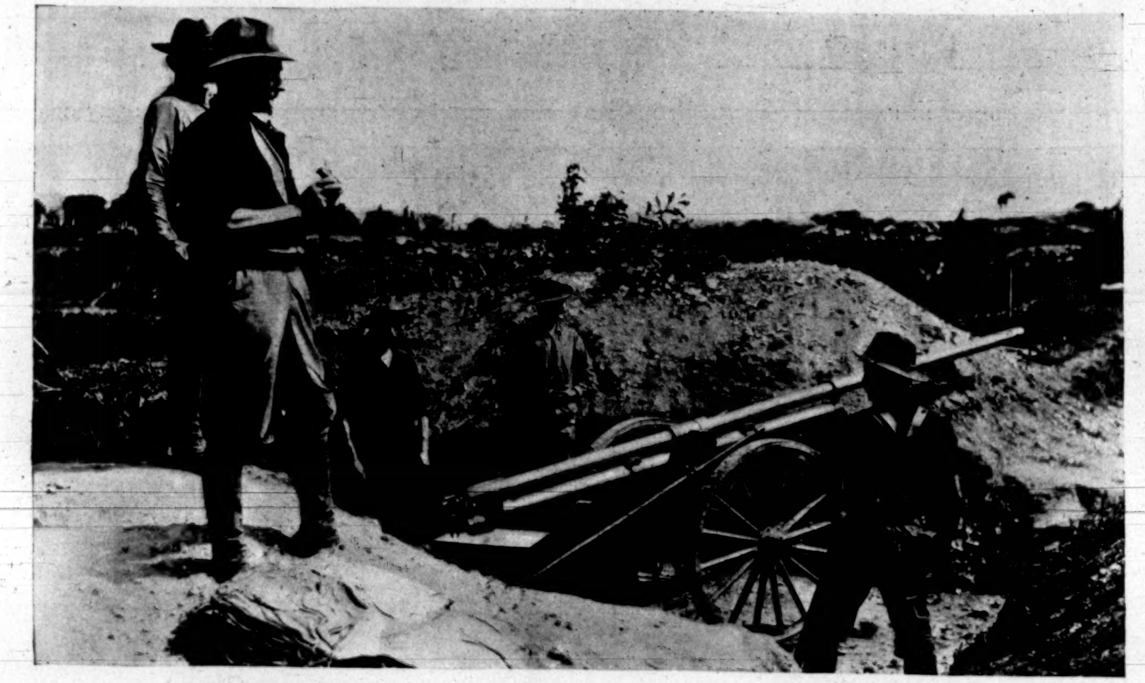
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



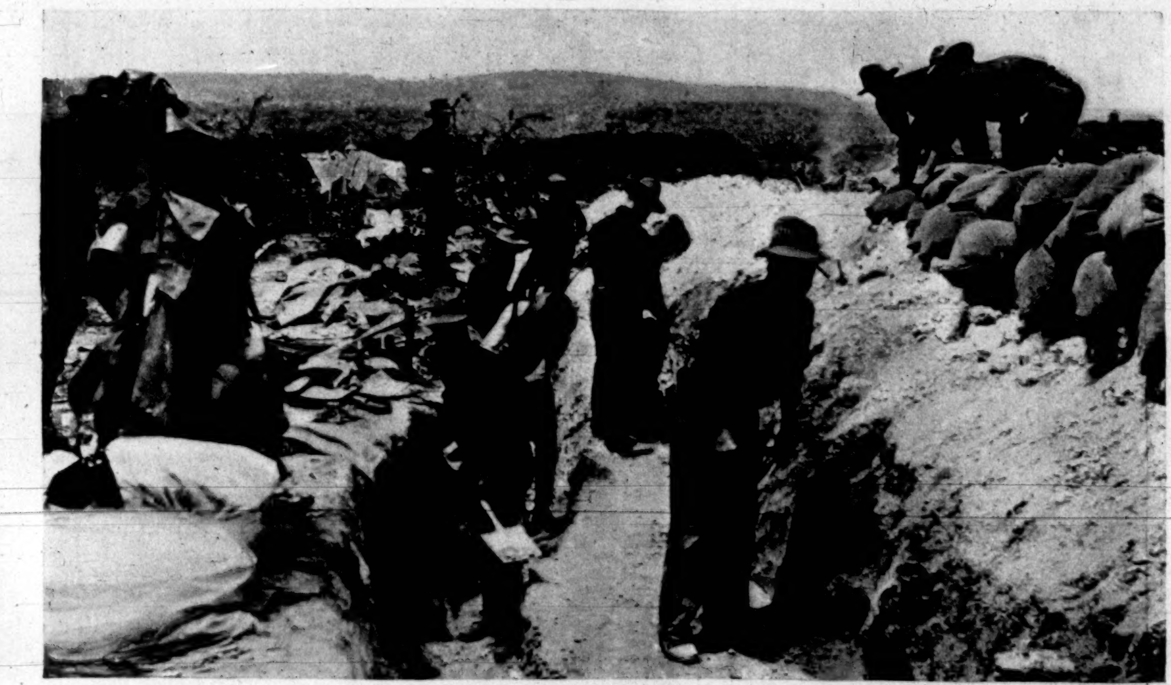
AIMING A COLT'S AUTOMATIC GUN.



GATLING GUN IN POSITION.



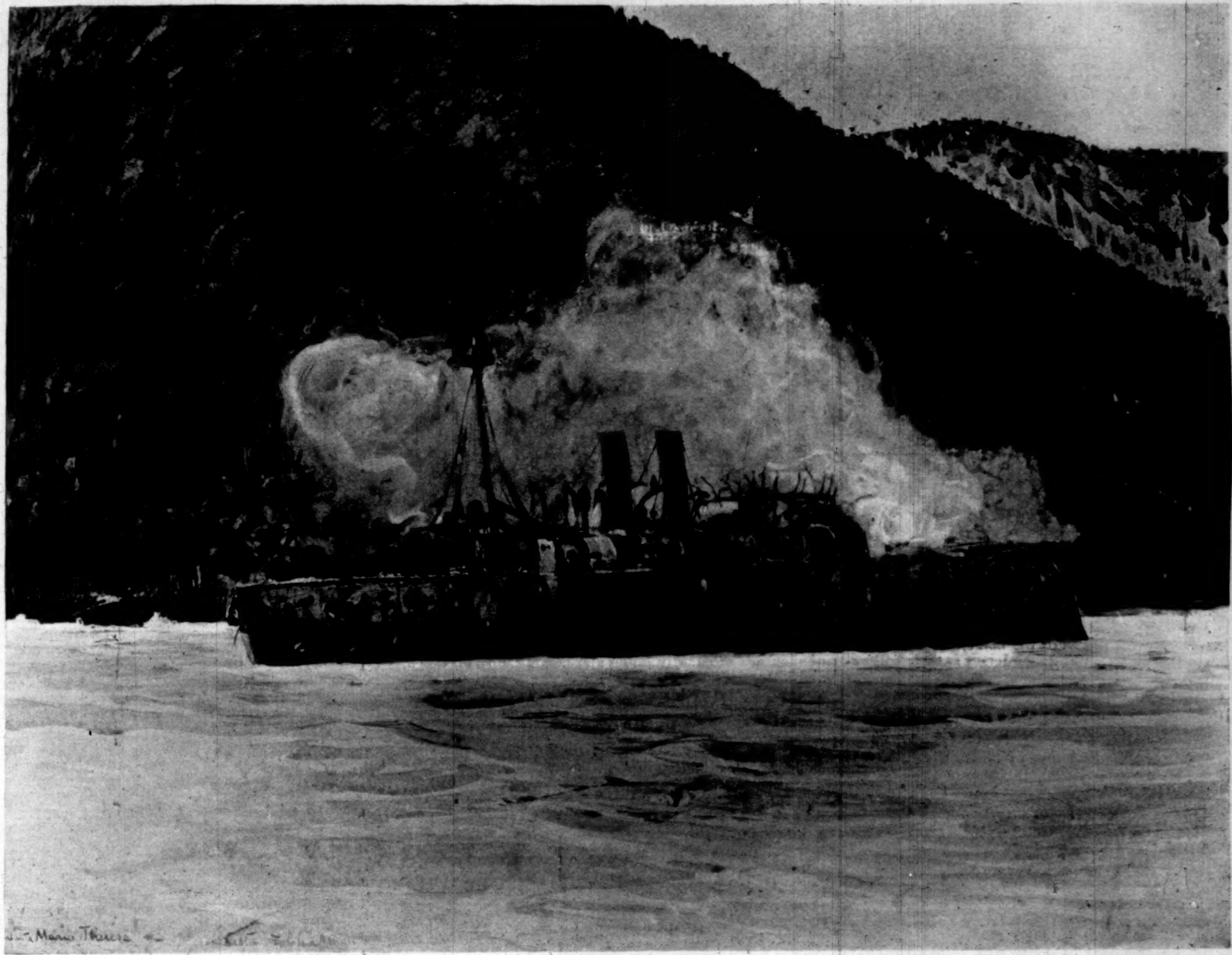
THE ROUGH RIDERS' DYNAMITE GUN. SERGEANT BORROWE IN COMMAND.



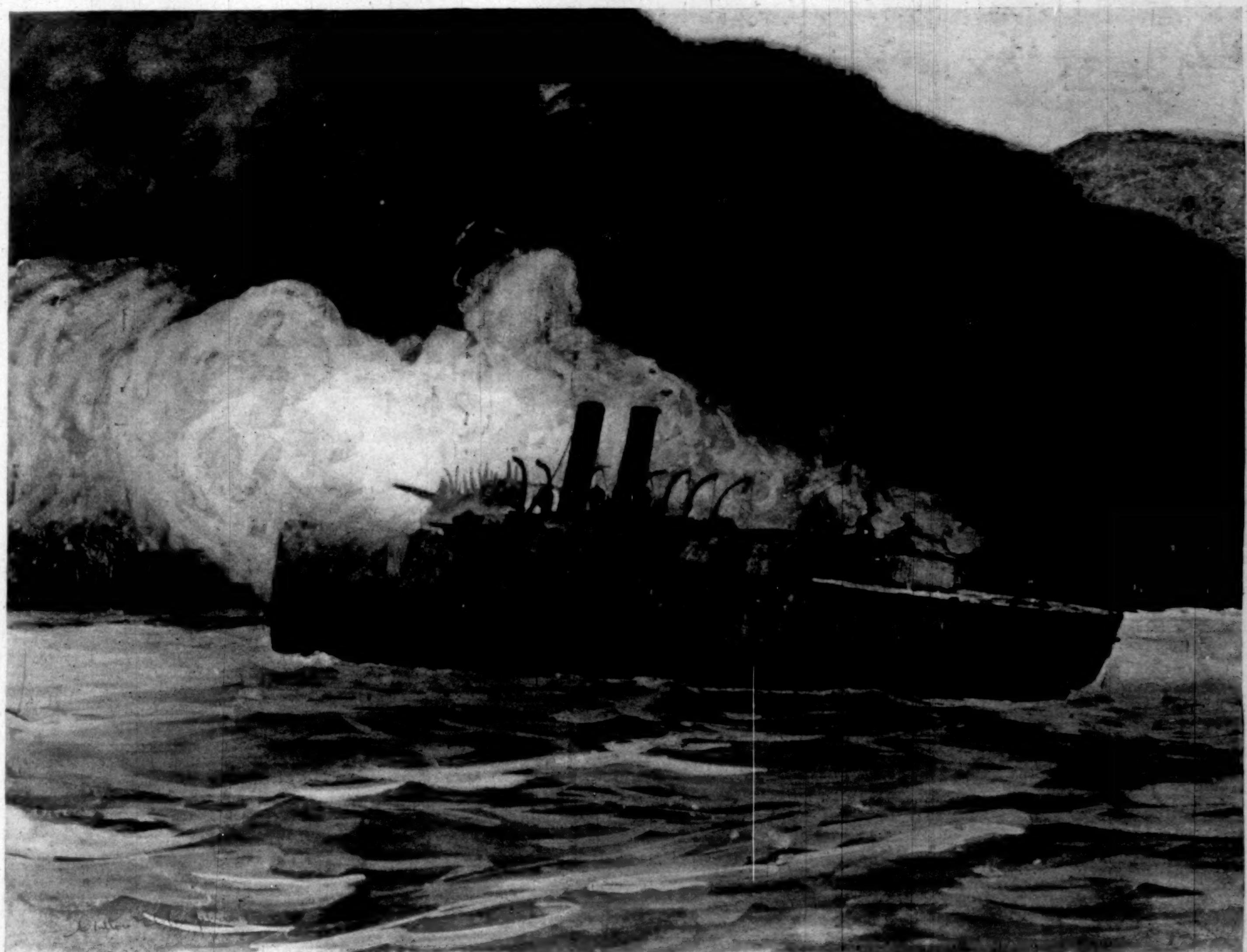
9TH U. S. INFANTRY DIGGING NEW INTRENCHMENTS, AND STRENGTHENING THEM WITH SAND-BAGS.

IN THE TRENCHES ON SAN JUAN HILL AFTER THE BATTLE OF JULY 1 AND 2.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



"INFANTA MARIA TERESA."



"ALMIRANTE OQUENDO."

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE—VESSELS OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET ASHORE AND AFIRE, JULY 4, 1898.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

"The 'Infanta Maria Teresa' was struck thirty-three times above-water by the guns of our ships, and the 'Almirante Oquendo' sixty-six times above the water-line. There are many other shot-holes in both vessels, which cannot be counted in the present sunken condition of the ships."—*Extract from Mr. Chapman's Letter.*

WITH THE FLEET OFF SANTIAGO.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Ensenada de los Altares, *Tuesday, June 28.*

Ensenada de los Altares is the picturesque name of a little cove about six miles from Santiago, and fronting the tiny village of Siboney, on the line of the railroad running from Baiquiri, three miles farther east, to Santiago. The railroad, which was built to carry coal and iron ore from Baiquiri into Santiago, is owned and controlled by Americans, and they have at Baiquiri a large iron pier, on which the cars are run to load vessels when the weather permits their lying in so exposed a harbor.

The hills around Baiquiri and immediately back from the shore are marked with mine-cuttings, and long shoots like toboggan-slides run down their steep sides, by which the ore is sent at a rapid rate to the shore-level, where it can be loaded into cars. These mines are valuable property, as the ore obtained, combined with other grades, produces the finest kind of steel. The railroad runs along the shore out of Santiago, crossing an iron bridge at Aguadores and another one at Siboney, from where it runs inland to Baiquiri. A steep-sided, square-topped, rugged hill separates these two villages along the sea-front, and east of Baiquiri are several of these peculiar bluffs in succession, looking exactly like sections of the Palisades of the Hudson, and suggesting an ideal place for a man who wanted to isolate his front yard from all intrusion. The railroad at the foot of the Santiago plateau, and running close to the water, reminds one of those along the banks of the aforesaid Hudson. There is a block-house on the top of the bluff east of Baiquiri, which rises almost perpendicularly above the iron pier and cluster of houses. Along the shore and in the lower range of hills inland these block-houses are dotted every mile or so, and have hitherto been occupied by Spanish soldiers. Here the resemblance to anything American ceases. The railroad is American, the cars and engines. You can tell by looking at them, and there are the makers' names, familiar enough, with New York or New Jersey as their hailing-place; we have ridden behind those kinds of locomotives often enough, and look at them with a jar of homesickness.

But the high rolling hills, untilled and desolate, with here and there scattered houses and tangled growths of wild vegetation, are suggestive of an inhospitable and foreign land.

Tall palms grow near the sandy beach in these little coves, but dirty shanties with unkempt and uncared-for surroundings set them off, and leave you wondering why these people never took more trouble to live up to what nature had provided as an example, for the white beach and the tall clean trees made these places beautiful to begin with.

For a month we have cruised up and down the coast here, and passed frequently close to these two little places. We saw the Spanish flag flying from numerous block-houses, but never a sign of activity or a train running. They stopped, presumably, when the war began.

To-night, however, in this little cove of Altares, there is quite a change. The railroad is running as far as Baiquiri, and the engines puff about and ring their bells as if glad of the change. A track has been laid down on the beach, and they are moving off army stores—piles of yellow-pine boxes stored here temporarily. The two locomotives here were well rusted and uncared-for, but they were soon got going again by the soldier-boys. The bridge over the little valley stream was still there, but it was too good to be true. So a dummy car was given a good push and started over, and sure enough the bridge had been cut in two; but that was quickly repaired, and it is as good as ever to-night. Off the beach and moving about out at sea are a dozen or more transports: lighted up at night, they make a brilliant and comfortable scene. It is long since we have seen any lights on ships but signal-lanterns that flash for an instant and disappear. Boats are moving to and from the shore, and the work of putting supplies and troops ashore still goes on. There is quite a surf on the curving beach, and in spite of an extemporized pier, landing is a difficult matter, and is liable to include a ducking as part of the excitement. Lumber is piled up on the beach, and will be soon converted into a permanent and sufficient landing-stage.

The buildings along the railroad track to the west of the beach have been converted to temporary use as a hospital and headquarters. The railroad round-house and car-sheds are also occupied by the troops, while the Cubans have taken possession of the buildings farther back, at the foot of the hill, which are far more comfortable and clean-looking. Some of them, covered with vines and surrounded by oleander-trees in full bloom, are really pretty.

Along the track for a quarter of a mile are cars filled with coal that have been peacefully side-tracked until they should be needed. Just why the Spaniards did not set fire to so valuable a prize seems hard to discover.

Buildings are scattered along the steep hill-side, and a block-house is perched nearly at the top. The path or trail that leads up and on to Santiago has been worn in the past day or so into a respectable-looking road. Files of men are constantly going and coming up and down, and heavy baggage-wagons, drawn by six or eight army mules, jolt over the ruts and bumps.

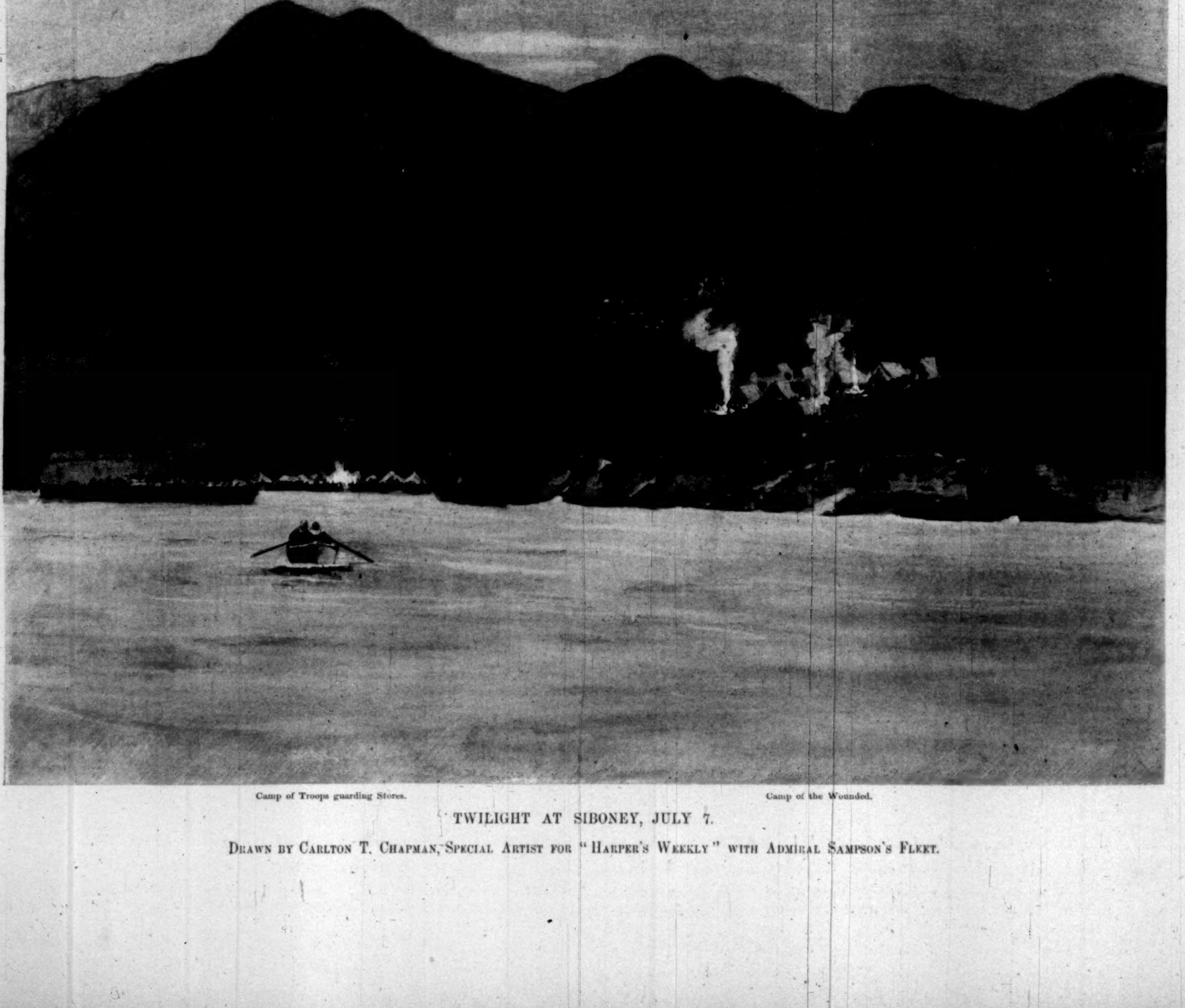
We have come to call this place Thunder Bay, from the frequent and drenching showers that come down with a wild rush off the hills and blot out everything in a gray veil of rain. It is more like standing under a big shower-bath than anything in the nature of rain I have experienced before. Out at sea, a half-mile away, the sun may be shining brightly, but every big cloud that drifts near these hills is ready with a burden of water that is spilled out without warning. Then the sun comes gayly out, and everything steams for an hour and dries up in the heat—all but the roads, that are puddles of mud and water, and in the low places never dry up. Up at Guantanamo the inland hills are usually veiled in rain, but it has not yet rained to speak of at Camp McCalla, and that means a great deal to the good health and comfort of the men in camp.

To-day the Thirty-third Michigan Volunteer Regiment was landed, and portions of the First and Sixth Cav the men scrambling out of the boats upon the littl dock, taking good care to keep their guns dry, if got wet themselves. Fully half of the Michigan bo seemed to me, went in for a swim at once, and spla about in the surf and rain like a lot of schoolboys ing hookey. Except for a guard to protect the store which there is nearly a million dollars' worth on hand troops are moved as rapidly as possible to the f Those arriving to-day are camped along the rail track, their white tents gleaming in the moonlight, the light of their camp-fires bringing out in relief groups of moving figures. Until taps are sounded shore scene is a brilliant kaleidoscope of light and s framed in the black shadow of the hills and gilded soft moon and pale star light.

Most of the men who were wounded in the fight of day last have been put on board the *Olivette*. Those so seriously injured are kept in the old whitewa shed used as temporary hospital: it is a poor place eno and is crowded too. When the wounded began to c in, which was not till late in the day, the surgical f was totally unprepared for the sudden demands m upon it, and many of the men had to wait for hour have their wounds properly dressed. Now, howe things are getting in shape. Large hospital-tents wil set up to-morrow, and the men moved to more com able quarters.

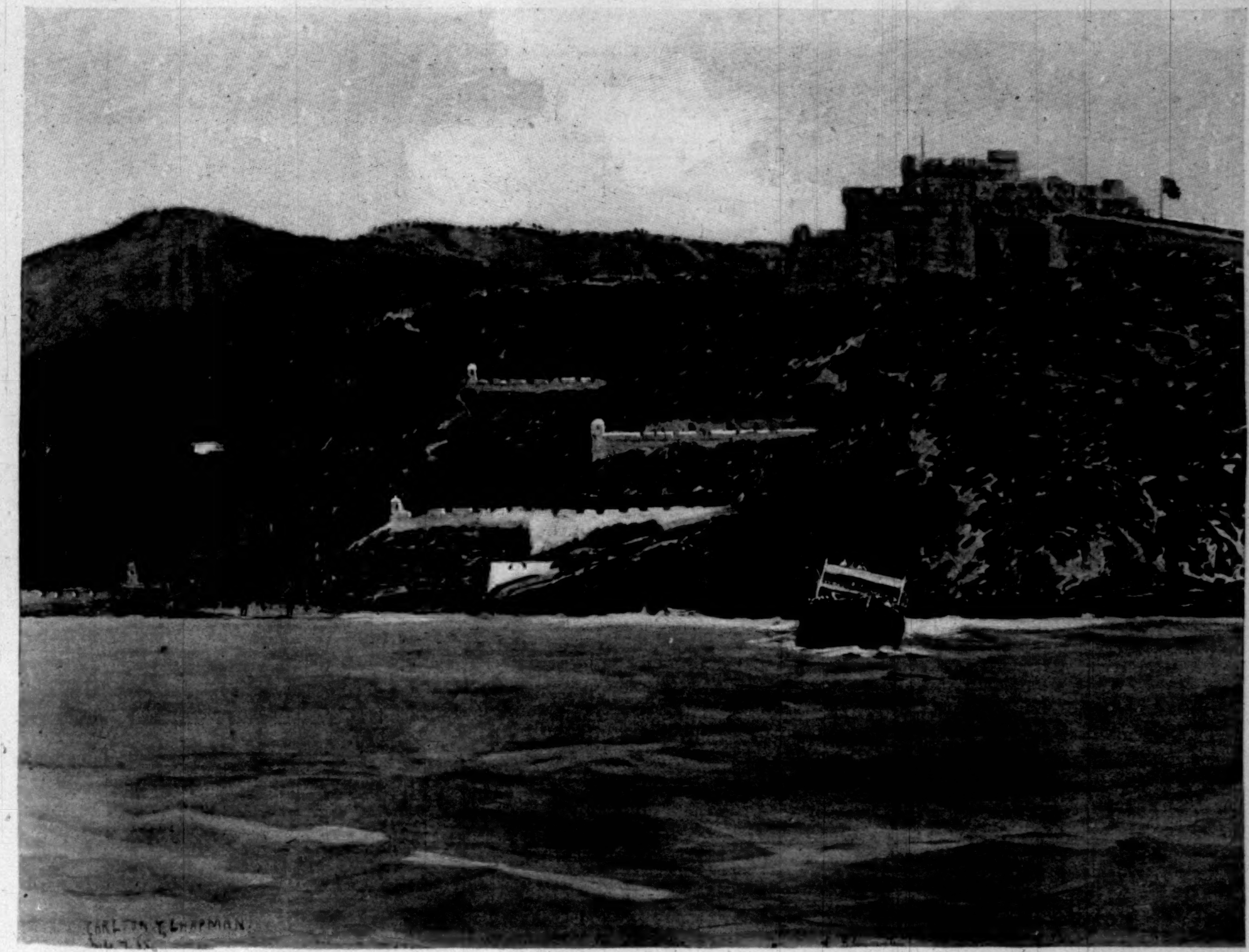
Aguadores, *July 1, 1*

Early this morning the army began a general attac Santiago, moving in three divisions. The Thirty-third M igan, forming a portion of one command, was sent up the road to the Aguadores bridge. A train made up of twe seven coal-cars and two cabooses was used in transpor the regiment, the first division leaving Siboney at t o'clock in the morning. The second portion did no rive until after nine o'clock, when it came up, pushed two locomotives, the men filling every particle of spac the cars. They immediately formed, and marched al the shore to a point near the mouth of the river, and t pushed inland through the dense thicket of undergro and low trees. On the hill-side west of the river is an fort with heavy masonry walls, low towers, and tur that zigzag up the hill and form one of the outpost the city a few miles away. Farther up the deep rav and commanding both sides of the river which conn the sea with the inner harbor of Santiago, is a mas battery of rapid-fire guns. Both these defences have b repeatedly shelled by the ships, and this morning the *York*, *Suwanee*, and *Gloucester* were stationed immedia off the mouth of the river, commanding both batte The water is deep close in, and the *Suwanee*, particula went in within a biscuit's toss of the shore, on whic considerable surf was beating. The railroad crosses ravine and river here on a long iron trestle, with a bl house at either end, and winds up the valley, which m an abrupt curve inland. The sides, very high, steep, rocky, are difficult of access, and the men among the d foliage at the bottom were unable to see their enemy u


Camp of Troops guarding Stores.
Camp of the Wounded.

TWILIGHT AT SIBONEY, JULY 7.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.


CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.
Water-Batteries.
Wreck of "Reina Mercedes."
Water-Batteries.
The "Gloucester."
Fort Morro.

THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR, JULY 7.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

"The Spaniards attempted to sink the 'Reina Mercedes' in the channel Monday night, July 4, but under the fire of the guns of our ships she ran ashore, and lies as shown in the drawing."

well under their fire. Signal-men were posted on the side of the hill, and as soon as the troops were disposed out of the line of fire from the ships the *New York* hoisted the danger-flag, and signal was made to open fire on the fort and masked battery.

A large Spanish flag was flying over the old fort, and the red and yellow stood out in brilliant contrast against the green and gray of the hill-side.

The *New York* began firing soon after nine o'clock, and the *Suwanee* and *Gloucester* joining in, the smoke soon became too dense to admit of accurate work. Accordingly the signal to fire with deliberation was made, and after that it became slow but very beautiful target practice. The *New York*, firing straight up the ravine at the location of the masked battery, succeeded in landing at least one eight-inch shell fairly in the works, and the mass of reddish dust that flew up in the air contained guns, men, and all sorts of débris. Several shots had been landed in the old fort, knocking a corner of the lower wall off, and dumping a mass of crumbled rock and dust down the hill-side.

The signal had been made to cease firing, when the *Suwanee* asked for permission to destroy the flag that still waved over the abandoned fort. Permission was given to knock it down if she could do it "in three shots."

The *Suwanee* opened fire immediately with one of her four-inch guns, the first shot striking the base of the flag-staff, tilting it over, and sending the dust flying. We had supposed there was no one in the fort, but the flag-staff certainly straightened up again, and a second shot followed, which went through the flag and tore a big rent in it. There it hung in the smoke and dust for a minute or two; then a final flash and roar, and flag-staff and flag disappeared in the dust, the staff cut fairly in two by a splendid shot. We felt like cheering this, as it certainly was perfect shooting. Lieutenant Victor Blue sighted the gun, and deserves another feather in his cap. Captain Delahanty has made the *Suwanee* famous in the fleet for his daring and efficient work, and the little gunboat has a ready-for-a-fight look about her that is admirable. Delahanty hoists a flag, when he goes into action, that is half as big as his ship, and looks the largest flag in the fleet.

During the lulls in the firing we heard several volleys ashore, but could see no smoke. As the Spanish use smokeless powder entirely, it is hard to locate their position, and it is an unpleasant feeling to hear or see bullets dropping around you and not know where they come from.

A squad of men came out of the woods soon after the volley-firing began, carrying a Red Cross flag, and helping the wounded back to the train that remained waiting on the track.

Fire from the battery had killed two and wounded several before the *New York's* eight-inch gun put an end to its service for that day. The Michigan men were under fire for the first time, but they behaved splendidly, and it was not their fault that the movement, being a feint, played but an unimportant part in the day's fighting.

Off Santiago, *July 2, 1898.*

This morning at 5.30 the fleet began bombarding the fortifications of Santiago. In the hard fighting which lasted all day yesterday the army captured and held the outposts of the city on the west, north, and east, and it only remained for the navy to destroy the heavy guns on the south to make the work of investment complete. Of course the ships in the harbor are to be reckoned with, but it is almost a certainty that Cervera will be forced to fight his way out or to destroy the city by his own shells in attempting to drive out the army. So we were in an expectant mood when the ships drew in and opened fire. The morning was brilliant with sunlight, and great domes of white clouds floated above the hills, that shone in tints of green and gray, with deep shadows of ravines streaking their rugged sides. The sea flashed back the glowing sunlight, and rose and fell in long swells to the deep roll of the tide.

Off the entrance to the harbor, and almost under Morro, lay the *Iowa*, grim and silent, her guns swung out, but holding their fire for the possible appearance of the Spanish fleet. On a staff just east of the great round sentinel tower of Morro flew a new and bright red and yellow flag, flapping its folds against the background of the old gray walls.

Morro had been spared while Hobson and his men were there, but now that they have been removed, the picturesque beauty of the old castle could not save it, and many tons of old gray rock were tumbled from its turrets and towers and sprinkled down the hill-side. Shot after shot struck the walls without doing any perceptible damage. The smoke wreathed about the old pile, and clouds of heavy dust spurted up and hung in a thick mass wherever a shot struck.

The weight of fire, as hitherto, was directed against the western battery on the hill-top, and shell after shell exploded within the works or immediately in front of them, driving the Spanish away from the guns, and silencing them for a time, as usual. None of their shots struck the ships, or, so far as I could see, anywhere near them, going mostly far out to sea. We were lying off Morro, and were surprised to hear a shell scream over our heads and drop in the water a little way beyond. Whether that was a chance shot from one of our ships or a wild effort from the battery was hard to tell. There were several colliers and transports lying out beyond us, and they all moved away as quickly as possible, but no more shots came in that direction.

There is a general feeling of contempt for the Spanish gunners among the men in the fleet, and they seem unable to sight their guns with anything like accuracy; and any shots that have struck have been purely accidental, as the following ones are away wide of the mark.

The *Oregon* did some fine work this morning, lying off the harbor entrance to the westward, where she got the range of Cay Smith, and sent shell after shell with splendid aim into that stronghold. While our ships are firing rapidly they are almost completely enveloped in smoke, and the effect as it blows along the water and floats away against the green hills is very beautiful.

At half past seven the ships drew off, getting a last shot, as usual, from the Spanish, who return to their guns as soon as the ships cease firing. The position of Santiago, properly defended by skilful gunners, would be almost impregnable from the sea, the high hills and narrow channel making it difficult for an attacking force; but the guns at present are so badly handled that our ships move about with impunity; even the little mosquito fleet sail up and down where they choose, and are never fired on, for fear of the ready answer from the battle-ships, that rarely get out of range.

Siboney, *July 2.*

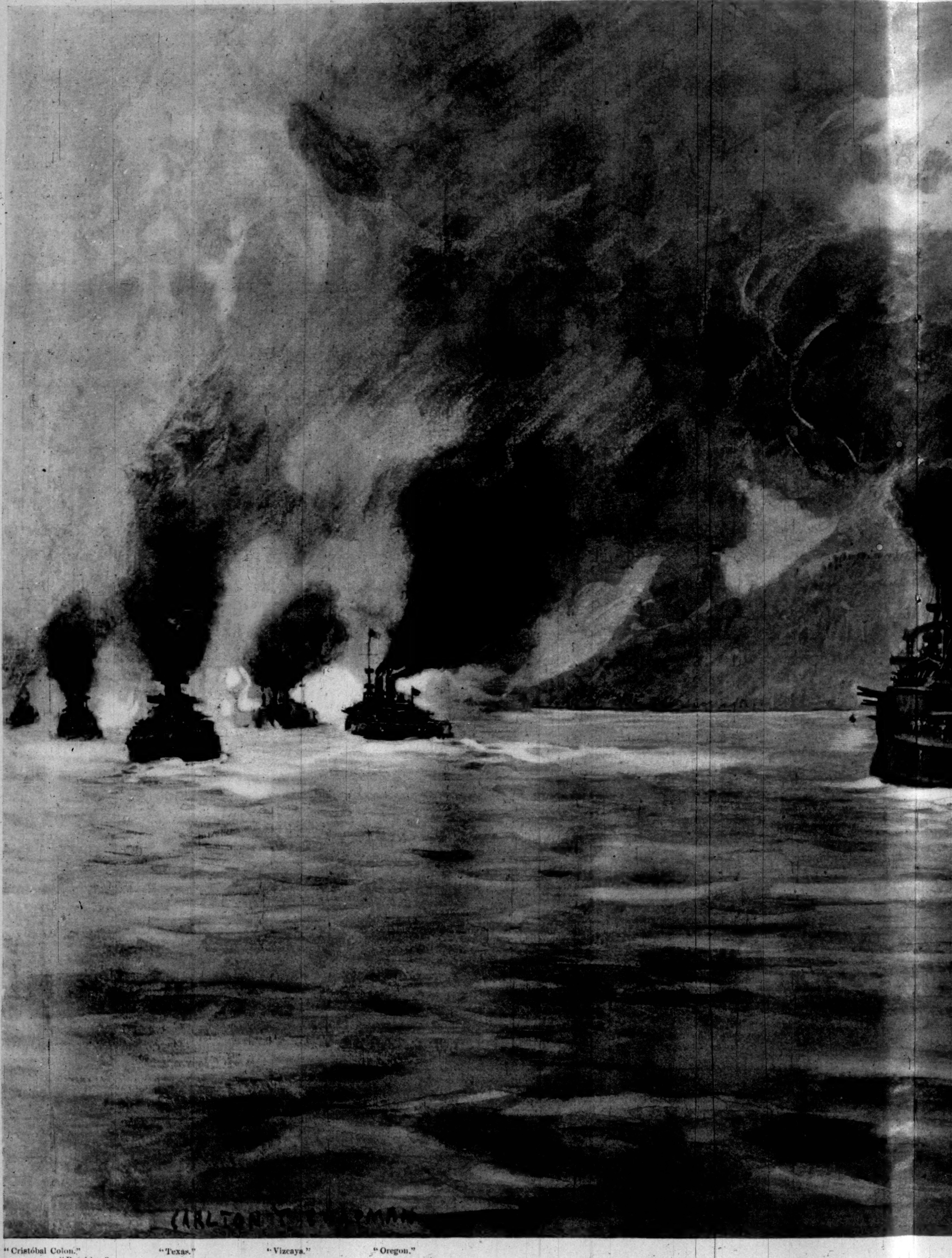
"The Spaniards called us Yankee pigs; now they call us Yankee devils because we don't stop for their guns." This is what a trooper of the Sixth Cavalry said to me to-day. He was walking about with his coat thrown over his shoulders, and no shirt; the doctors had cut that off in dressing a wound in his shoulder, to which he seemed happily indifferent as he talked vividly about the fight and what our boys had done, paying many compliments to the volunteers, and declaring that the charge of the Light Brigade was not more fine than the charge up the hot hill to take the Spanish intrenchments.

I talked with many men of different regiments, many of them badly wounded, and just unloaded out of a springless wagon after a ride of nine miles over rough rutty roads. You would suppose they would not want to talk, but the spirit of enthusiasm and pride in what they had done was too great to keep back, and they wanted to tell all about it. Not one of the hundreds who were coming in had any time to groan or complain, and it was fine to see the patience and courage exhibited on all sides.

The doctors and nurses in the hospital were working like beavers, cutting off arms and legs and dressing wounds, and still the wounded came in by dozens to be taken care of and given a place to lie down and rest. Dirty and bedraggled they were, with torn clothes, and hasty bandages put on at division hospitals at the front. Jokes were exchanged and good-nature prevailed, though it seemed as if it might be well worn out of them under such circumstances. "Hello, Bill! Where'd you get hit?" "In the head. Look at my hat." And, sure enough, two big holes in it, and a bad bloody-looking pate underneath tied up in a temporary bandage. One big trooper of the Tenth wanted me to draw his picture, and he smiled under a big white bandage around the top of his black head.

A great many men were wounded in the head, and there were any quantity of hats that had holes through them, but there were many more poor fellows who had to be lifted out of the wagons and carried off on stretchers to the care of the hard-worked doctors.

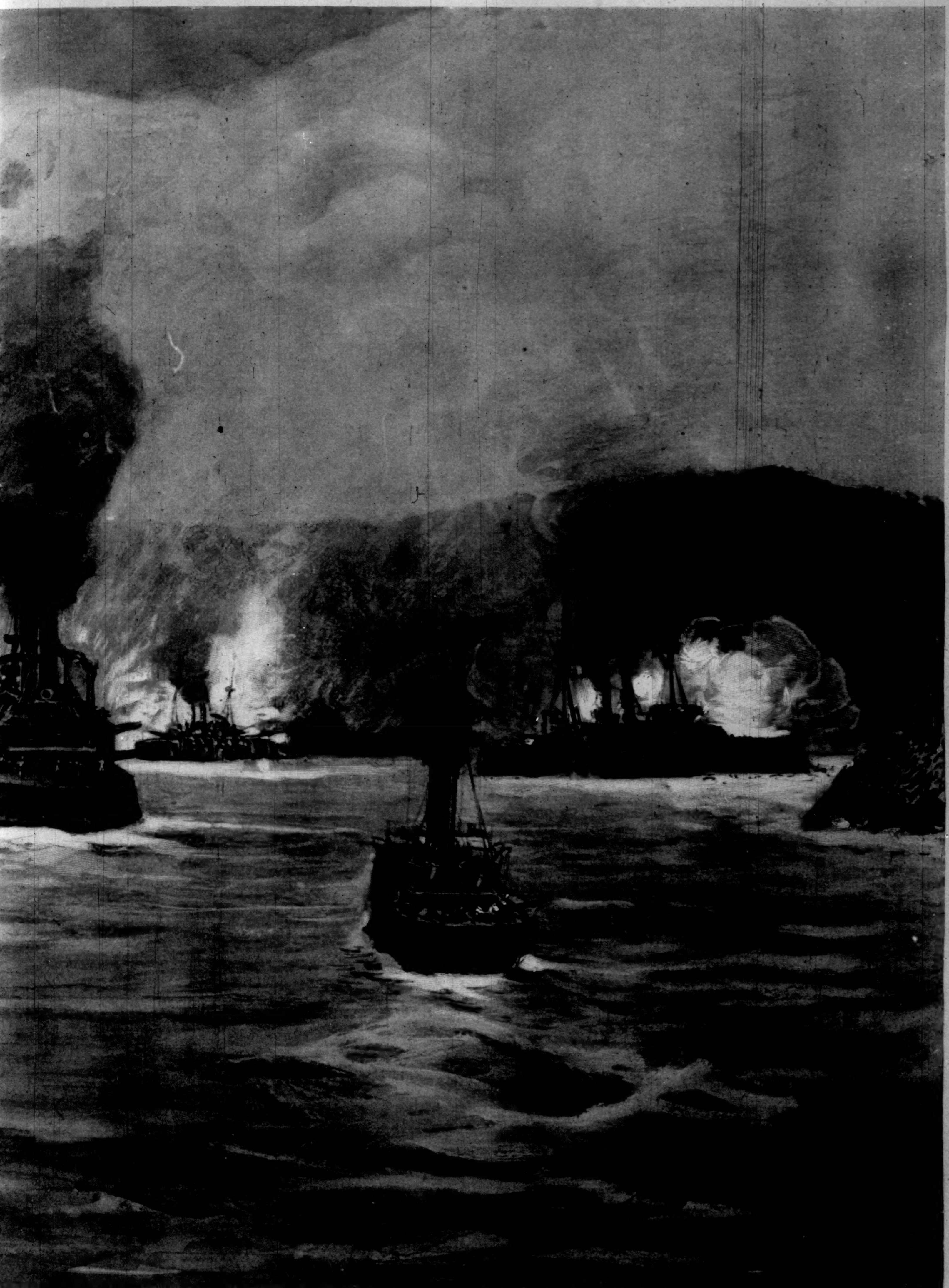
The courage and patience these men showed, not only in the field, but in being brought in and left, in a forgotten sort of way, at the hospital doors, struck me very forcibly as one of the noble attributes of the American sol-


CARLTON T. CHAPMAN
"Cristóbal Colon."
"Brooklyn."
"Texas."
"Vizcaya."
"Oregon."

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO—DESTRUCTION OF ADMI

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HAR

This Drawing represents the state of Affairs about Forty Minutes after the Fight began. The "Maria Teresa" and "Oquendo" have just run Ashore,


"Iowa."
"Almirante Oquendo."
"Gloucester."
"Infanta Maria Teresa."

DMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 3.

HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

hore, the "Iowa" and "Gloucester" remaining by them, while the other American Vessels continue in Pursuit of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon."

5

dier, who is not only fearless in battle, but patient in suffering. It was a first fight for most of them, but they behaved like veterans, and after it was over they asked about their friends and for news from home, took their wounds as an every-day matter, and bubbled over with pride in the service. The country may well be proud of such soldiers.

Sunday, July 3, 1898.

Admiral Cervera's famous Cape Verd fleet is no more! Sunk, burned, utterly destroyed, it has passed into history, and one more great victory stands to the credit of the American navy. Once more the victor's laurel must be placed on the brow of the American sailor, and new names added to the list of famous naval commanders who have won battles for the nation.

Sunday dawned, a beautiful and calm day, with the ships in their usual stations, saving the *Massachusetts* and *Suwanee*, that had gone to Guantanamo for coal. About nine o'clock the *New York* signalled "disregard the actions of flag-ship," and steamed off toward Siboney, where Admiral Sampson intended to have a consultation with General Shafter. This left Commodore Schley in command of the station, and the usual routine of Sunday inspection was about to begin, when the smoke of Cervera's ships was observed, and the call to general quarters and clear ship for action sounded through the fleet. An officer on the bridge of the *Texas* first observed a column of smoke going straight up in the breathless air behind the wooded hills which shut in the harbor. This was followed by several other columns of smoke, and then a quartermaster reported that the Spanish ships were under way. At first it was thought that they were moving up the harbor, but at 9.35, by the *Texas's* time, the first of the fleet showed around the western hill, and, followed closely by the others, came out and turned to the westward. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, flying the flag of Admiral Cervera, headed the line, followed by *Vizcaya*, *Cristóbal Colon*, *Almirante Oquendo*, and torpedo-boats *Furor* and *Pluton*.

The *Gloucester*, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, has been stationed off Morro lately, and was cruising about in her usual position just east of the channel as this formidable armada passed out. The crew simply held their breath and watched it. But the Spanish ships paid no attention to the little cruiser, holding their fire for bigger game. When the torpedo-boat destroyers appeared, however, the *Gloucester*, which had cleared for action, and was ready with her small battery, promptly attacked them with every gun she could bring to bear.

The land to the westward of Morro curves in slightly, forming a long shallow bay, like the curve of a bow. At the western end the *Brooklyn* was stationed, and straight, like the string of the bow, went the Spanish ships right for the *Brooklyn*. Our ships were in position from east to west as follows: next to the *Gloucester*, but farther out, were the *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and *Vixen*; the last-named moved immediately outside to give the *Brooklyn* room.

None of the ships had a full pressure of steam up, and as the Spanish fleet moved swiftly out, it looked for a minute as if they had a fair chance of getting away. Smoke poured from their funnels, and they were evidently doing their best to get a good start of their watchful foes. Neither the *Iowa* nor *Indiana* was in a condition to make very good time, nor did they, especially the *Indiana*, get as close in to the fight as they would have wished; but the *Oregon*, *Texas*, and *Brooklyn* moved rapidly in to head off the enemy, and they were immediately engaged by all our ships. The *Iowa*, not being able to use her forward turret, swung around to bring her after twelve-inch guns to bear, but soon afterward got her forward turret working again, and opened fire with her forward and starboard broadside guns. The deep-sea torpedo-boats, or destroyers, as they have been called so often, were the first to suffer from the fire of our ships. A shell from one of the *Iowa's* big guns tore the whole stern off the *Furor*, and both boats were struck repeatedly by the fire of the *Iowa* and *Indiana*. The *Gloucester* then attacked both at once, being between them, and firing from both sides, while the torpedo-boats answered back with their rapid-fire guns. But this did not last long. They got perhaps three miles from the harbor entrance when the *Furor*, in a sinking condition, showed a white flag, and was promptly boarded by a boat from the *Gloucester*. After some lively work they took off her few surviving men and a big cat, the ship's mascot, who was rescued from the water. An attempt was made at first to save the vessel, but she was too far gone, being cut to pieces, and nearly all her crew dead on her decks or below. The sight was a sad one enough, but there was no time to help, and the boat had not been gone five minutes when the *Furor* blew up and sank in 2000 fathoms of water. The *Pluton* meantime, equally damaged, had succeeded in getting close inshore, where she sank, her bow just showing out of water.

While this was going on, the *Brooklyn* was standing the brunt of the fire from the four Spanish ships. The *Maria Teresa* headed straight for the *Brooklyn*, with the evident intention of ramming her; the *Brooklyn* avoided this by clever manœuvring, and poured in such a deadly fire from her 8-inch and 5-inch rapid-fire guns as completely to worst the *Maria Teresa*, and she headed toward shore, flames bursting from her forward and after hatches. The *Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* were hotly engaging the *Brooklyn* at this time, while the *Colon* changed her position inside of the other Spanish ships, holding her fire, and doing her best to get away. At five minutes past ten o'clock the *Texas* and *Oregon* were coming into close range, and joined the *Brooklyn* in her unequal fight. The *Iowa* also was approaching, pouring in an effective fire at long range.

The *Teresa* having dropped out of the fight, the *Oquendo* took her place, with the possible intention of sacrificing herself in giving the *Vizcaya* and *Colon* a chance to escape; both these ships started off at 10.30, cutting inshore from the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon*, and heading straight down the coast. The *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* having practically finished the *Oquendo*, left her to the mercies of the following ships, and started after the *Vizcaya* and *Colon*, followed by the *Texas*, that, now coming up at a good speed, fired a few shots into the *Oquendo*, which was on fire and headed toward shore, and then kept on after the others.

Then began a splendid chase. The *Colon* was rated a 19½ knot armored cruiser, the finest ship in the Spanish navy; the *Vizcaya*, a 21-knot ship, with two 11-inch guns, was supposed to outclass the *Brooklyn* and *New York*, with their 8 inch guns and 19 knot speed. The *Oregon*, a 15-knot battle-ship, was not classed as a speedy vessel, or able to catch a fast cruiser. Just here, however, the *Oregon* proved herself a wonder and the pride of the American navy. She had passed the *Texas* early in the action, doing twelve or thirteen knots, and cut inside of her to get at the foe, firing splendid shots with her first and secondary batteries. But now was her opportunity. The *Brooklyn*, keeping outside of the two fleeing ships, was firing from her forward 8-inch turret-guns and starboard broadside guns, and getting her speed up to 16½ knots, was rapidly overhauling her enemy; but without the help of the *Oregon* it is possible that the *Colon* at least might have gotten away. But the *Oregon* was coming up at a 16-knot gait, smoke and flames pouring from her funnels, and the water piling in huge cascades about her bows and rolling out in long lines of white on either side. From her forward turrets sheets of flames burst at intervals, and her 13-inch guns were sending their shells around the *Vizcaya*, while the *Brooklyn*, nearly abeam, was hammering her with rapid fire that simply drove the Spanish to cover and soon sent the *Vizcaya* in for the land. She was run ashore at Aserradero, seventeen miles west of Santiago, completely wrecked and on fire. A torpedo in the forward tube exploded, tearing a great hole in her bow, and wrecking her completely. The *Iowa* followed up and received the surrender of the ship, and took off the survivors and a number who had gotten ashore.

The *Colon*, meanwhile, having a good start, was doing her best to get away. Her speed, according to her captain, was at one time 17½ knots; but she could not keep this up, and the heavy shells of the *Oregon* falling about her and beyond her, while the *Brooklyn* pounded her with her rapid fire, gradually forced her inshore, and at 1.20 P.M. she ran her bows on the beach at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago entrance, fired a lee gun, and hauled down her flag. She was practically uninjured; but the Spaniards, having surrendered, treacherously opened her water-valves, pounded out dead-lights, threw overboard the breeches of the guns, and injured the ship in every possible way before her captors could get aboard.

Captain Cook had a boat called away at once, and the men tumbled in just as they were, half naked, blackened with smoke and powder. The crew swarmed out of the suffocating depths of the ship and crowded the deck, cheering and dancing for joy. Captain Cook cautioned his men, as they came alongside the captured ship, not to show any signs of triumph or embarrass their enemy in any way, so in silence the men pulled up to the gangway, and were watched by a motley crowd who filled the ports and looked down from the decks of the *Cristóbal Colon*. Some one shouted out, "Bravo, Americanos," and the crew echoed it, "Bravo, Americanos," and the *Brooklyn* men shouted back, "Bravo, Españoles." The cabin and ward-room tables of the *Colon* were covered with wine bottles and glasses, and many of the crew had been filling themselves with "Dutch courage" also. So they were in a state of indifference as to what happened. The captain of the *Colon* asked on what terms he must surrender his ship, and Captain Cook informed him promptly an unconditional and immediate surrender must be given, and his terms were acceded to in an instant. The *Colon* did not have her two big 10-inch turret-guns in place, and in fact they had never been put on the ship; but the ten 6-inch and six 4.7-inch guns, with her ten 6-pounder and ten 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, made her an extremely powerful ship, and every effort should be made to get her off the beach and into service again. The boat from the *Brooklyn* went alongside the *Colon* at 1.40, and soon after two o'clock the *Texas* and *Vixen* arrived, the *Oregon* having followed the *Brooklyn* closely in. The *New York* did not arrive until three-quarters of an hour after the *Colon* had grounded.

The *Resolute* soon came up from Santiago to report sighting a Spanish cruiser, and the *Brooklyn* was sent off after her, and again the tired men went to their guns. The cruiser turned out to be the Austrian *Maria Teresa*, however, and the *Brooklyn* had her chase for nothing. The 525 men on the *Colon* were placed on board the *Resolute*, together with some of the officers, those of higher rank being placed on board the *New York* and *Vixen*, the *New York*, *Texas*, and *Oregon* remaining by the prize until late at night.

Admiral Cervera and many of his officers and men were rescued by the *Gloucester* and transferred to the *Iowa*. They lowered boats from the *Maria Teresa*, and also jumped overboard to swim ashore or to float in on bits of wreckage. The admiral, in his under-clothes, was trying to escape on a raft which his own son, a lieutenant, was endeavoring to push ashore. Our boats saved many from a watery grave, all being in a perfectly destitute condition. The admiral was received with honors when he came on board the *Iowa*, and heartily cheered by the crew. The *Oquendo* had suffered more than any of the other ships, and her captain committed suicide when his ship ran ashore. Many of her crew got ashore, and were attacked by the Cubans until warned by our ships to desist. About 300 men from *Vizcaya*, *Oquendo*, and *Teresa* succeeded in getting away and into Santiago that night.

The *Iowa* took off many from the *Vizcaya*, and the three ships were left to their fate, flames pouring from their hatches, and the magazines finally exploding, finishing their destruction.

The Spanish loss was four fine ships, two deep-sea torpedo-boats, 600 men killed, and 1300 prisoners. Our loss was one man killed, George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the *Brooklyn*, who had his head taken off by a solid shot. Several men were wounded on the *Brooklyn*, and one on the *Texas*. The *Brooklyn* was struck forty times, one 6-inch shell going through her side on the gun-deck forward, smashed through an ash-shoot, pierced through the deck, and coming up again a foot or so beyond it, broke beams, and, exploding, sent pieces clear across the ship without injuring any one, which is marvellous good luck. The *Texas* was struck three times, one shell going through the chart-house, another through the lower part of her smoke-stack, driving smoke down into the fire-rooms and setting fire to the ship—damage that was quickly remedied.

Admiral Cervera stated, the day following, that his plan had been to strike for the *Brooklyn* and sink her, believing that the battle-ships could not catch his ships. His designs were frustrated, however, by the quick movements of our ships and by the rapid and accurate fire that did such damage as completely to bewilder and confound his men, who were unable to cope with such brilliant work.

The *Colon's* speed averaged only $13\frac{7}{10}$ knots, and when the *Oregon* overhauled her the captain's chagrin was unbounded. To be chased by a battle-ship and beaten was adding insult to injury; and, in fact, it did seem incredible that the *Oregon* could develop such speed.

The honors of the day, while shared by the entire fleet, must belong particularly to the *Oregon*, *Brooklyn*, and *Texas*, and their brave officers and crews, who proved themselves worthy to wear the mantles of the heroes who have made famous the American navy in time past.

Carlton T. Chapman.

SANTIAGO AND CANEY.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

II.—THE FIRST SHOT.

July 2, 1898.

A stray solid shot, or a stray shell that did not explode, dropped into the bushes about twenty yards from the path just after I left headquarters at daybreak for the battle-field. There were creeks to wade, the road was muddy, the sun was hot, and I carried a heavy roll. On the brow of a hill I struck a reserve regiment, standing silent and waiting in the mist and dew along the road where they had camped, and a little farther on was a high knoll, from which the first American shell was to give the signal for the conflict of the day. The hill had been cleared of bushes, the four guns unlimbered and thrown into position against Caney, the caissons drawn to the rear, the horses gathered into the bushes to one side, and officers, aides, and correspondents walked the length of the hill, or stood in groups watching with field-glasses the red town, the stone fort to the right, and the block-house to the right of it, or took shelter by-and-by in the shade of a mango-tree that was heavy with yellow fruit. While everybody spoke in a quiet voice and nobody laughed or jested, nobody was as solemn as the occasion seemed to me to demand. One of those guns was to fire presently, and it was not going to be a salute, nor a sunset gun, nor a Christmas or Fourth of July explosion. It would be loaded with a shell, and was to be aimed at living men, and was meant to kill somebody. Moreover, it might be answered, and a Spanish shell might come back at once and kill somebody on our hill. So when a Spanish column of cavalry was sighted in a lane near Caney, and Captain Capron said, "Give 'em a shell, boys," and artilleryman No. 5 ran to the caisson and got from No. 4 a long little knotty-looking white sack, and something that looked like a country schoolmaster's quart bottle of ink with a red throat and the point of a cartridge, and then ran back to the gun and put this shell into a round glistening hole, and No. 1 stuffed the bag of powder after it, rammed it home, and shut the round little steel door, and the gunner took from a leather case at his hip something that looked like a brass thermometer, fixed it on the gun, and began sighting through it, depressing the gun by means of a wheel-screw with one hand in front of him, and motioning with the other behind him to No. 3 to move the trail to right or left, and finally when No. 2 sprang to the left, leaning away from the gun and slightly forward, and the other artillerymen took rigid positions—my heart was beating high, and I was moving a step or two backwards, surprised and somewhat ashamed that everybody else seemed to be nonchalant and unafraid. Perhaps I was the only one on the hill who did not know that there was no artillery in Caney to answer. When I did learn it, I too became nonchalant and unafraid.

"Fire!"

The man with the lanyard gave a quick jerk. There was a cap explosion at the butt of the gun, a bulging white cloud from the muzzle, the trail bounced from its shallow trench, and the wheels whirled back twice on the rebound, and the shell was hissing through the air as iron hisses when a blacksmith thrusts it red-hot into cold water. You could hear that awful hiss so plainly that you seemed to be following the shell with your naked eye; you could hear it above the reverberating roar of the gun up and down the coast mountain; hear it until six seconds later a puff of smoke answered beyond the Spanish column where the shell burst. Then in eight seconds—for the shell travelled that much faster than sound—the muffled report of its bursting struck our ears, and all that was left of the first shot that started the battle was the thick sunlit smoke of the gun sweeping off through the brush, and the little mist-cloud of the shell rising slowly upward beyond the Spanish column, which seemed not to know that any harm was possible and near.

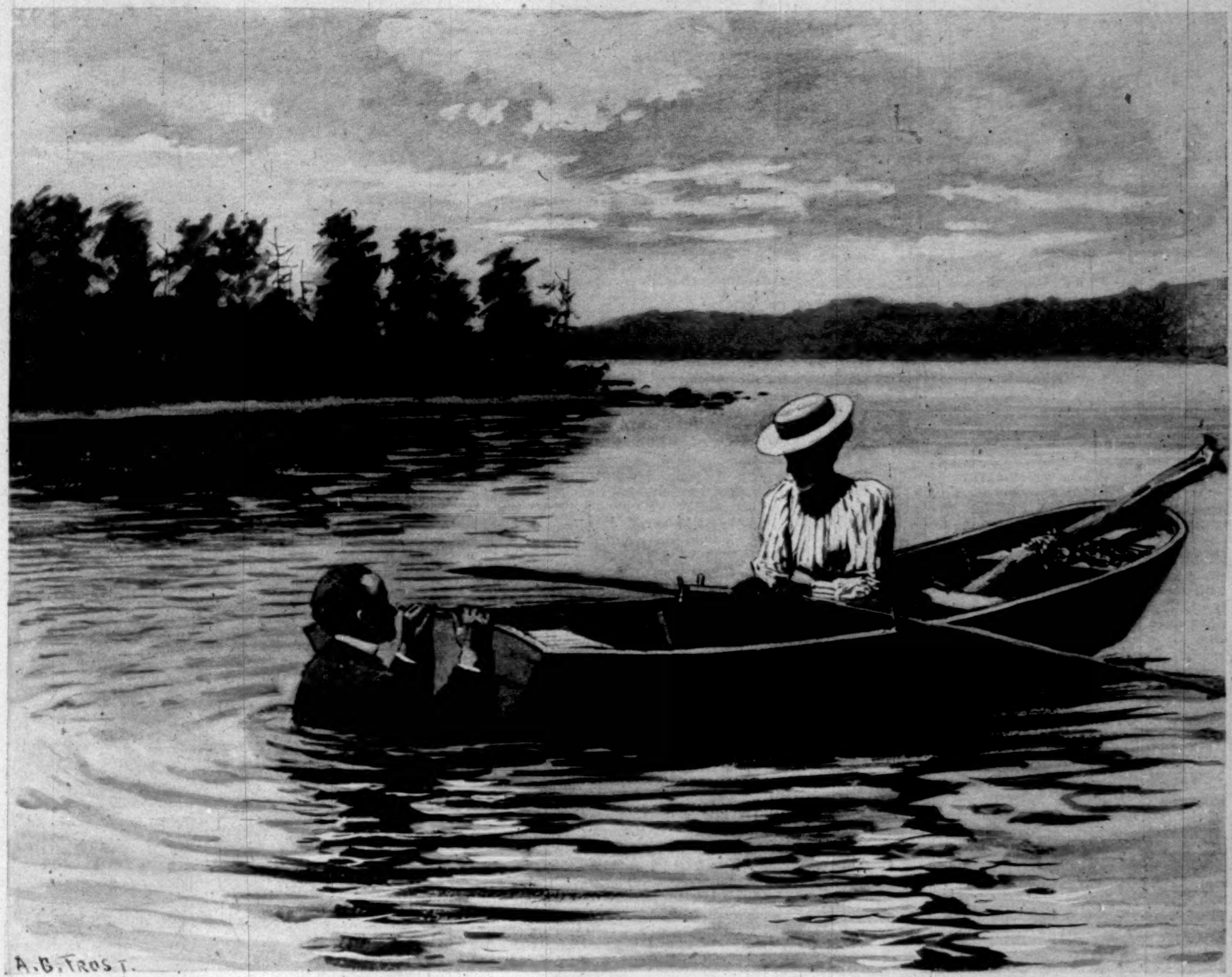
No harm seemed near, indeed, for the shells went wide; but the first shot started the ripping of cloth, the far-away rumble of wagons over cobblestones, or softened stage-hail and stage-thunder all around block-house, stone fort, and town. At first it was a desultory fire, like the popping of a bunch of fire-crackers that have to be relighted several times, and we could hear the hiss of the bullets even that far away; but at times the fire was as steady as the sputter of a Gatling gun that I heard later in the day. But the powder was smokeless, and we could see nothing other than the straw hats of the little devils in blue, who blazed away from their trenches around the fort, and minded the shells bursting over and around them as little as though they had been bursting snowballs. For the 3.2-inch guns had turned from the Spanish column, after it had ridden quietly out of sight, to the fort, and, with the exception of one gun, the shooting was at first very wild. One shot tore a hole through the wall, then another; another brought down the flag; others tore up the earth at the base of the fort, and the fort was soon silenced. But the rifle-pits were as active as ever, and after throwing a few shells into the town the battery ceased firing. Grimes's battery was thundering to the left of El Poso, the balloon was moving towards Santiago, and I made for the left field of battle. At the road the first wounded man appeared, between two supporting soldiers—Colonel Patterson of the Twenty-second. The brave old soldier had walked in a mile with a bullet through his groin.

"Well," he called, cheerily, as he was being laid down under the mango-tree, "I'm the first victim."

And such was the spirit of all the men, whether fighting, inactive and suffering from wounds, or close to the last agony.

John Fox, Jr.

July 19.—A note just received from Mr. Fox informs us that the conclusion of this account of the battle of July 1 and 2 was lost between the front and Siboney. Mr. Fox is unfortunately too ill from exposure to rewrite it at present.—Editor.



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

X.—A LADIES' DAY IN CAMP.

TWO days after the rainy day in camp Mr. Archibald determined to take the direction of affairs into his own hands, so far as he should be able. Having no authority over the two young men at Camp Roy, he had hitherto contented himself with a disapproval of their methods of employing their time, which he communicated only to his wife. But now he considered that, as they were spending so much of their time in his camp and so little in their own, he would take charge of them exactly as if they belonged to his party. He would put an end, if possible, to the aimless strolls up and down the beach with Margery, and the long conversations which that young woman had grown to be so fond of, held sometimes with both young men, though more frequently with one. If Clyde and Raybold came into the woods to lounge in the shade and talk to a girl, they could go to some other camp to do it. But if they really cared to range the forest, either as sportsmen or lovers of nature, he would do his best to help them; so this day he organized an expedition to a low mountain about two miles away, taking Matlack with him as guide, and inviting the two young men to join him. They had assented because no good reason for declining had presented itself, and because Phil Matlack earnestly urged them to come along and let him show them what a real forest tramp was like. Before his recent talk with Peter Sadler, Phil would not have dared to go out into the woods in company with the bicycle man.

The two ladies were perfectly willing to remain in camp under the charge of Martin, who was capable of defending them against any possible danger; and as the bishop had agreed to take charge of Camp Roy during the absence of its occupants, Mr. Archibald planned for a whole day's tramp, the first he had taken since they went into camp.

When Martin's morning work was done he approached the shady spot where the two ladies had established themselves, and offered to continue his lessons in fly-fishing if Miss Dearborn so desired. But Miss Dearborn did not wish to take any lessons to-day. She would rest and stay with Mrs. Archibald. Even the elder lady did not care to fish that morning. The day was hot and the shade was grateful.

Martin walked away dissatisfied. In his opinion, there had never been a day more suitable for angling; this was a day which would be free from interruptions, either from two young fellows who knew nothing about real game-fishing, or from Matlack, who always called him away to do something when he was most interested in his piscatorial pedagogics. This was a day when he could stand by that lovely girl, give her the rod, show her how to raise it, wave it, and throw it, and sometimes even touch her hand as he took it from her or gave it back, watching her all the time with an admiration and delight which no speckled trout or gamy black bass had ever yet aroused in him, and all this without fear that a gentleman out on the lake might possibly be observing them with the idea that he was more interested in his work than the ordinary guide might be supposed to be. But luck was against him; and Martin, who did not in the least consider himself an ordinary guide, walked up and down in moody reflection, or grimly threw himself upon the ground, gazing upward at the sky—not half so blue as he was—but never walking or resting so far away that he could not hear the first cry from her should snake, bear, dragon-fly, or danger of any kind approach her.

To the ladies, about half an hour later, came the bishop, who, newly shaved and brushed, wished them good-morning, and offered his services in any manner which might be desired. If Mrs. Archibald wished to fish by the side of the lake, he was at her service; but Mrs. Archibald did not care to fish.

"This is a most charming day," said the bishop, removing his hat; "but I suppose it is more charming to me because it is my last day here."

"And so you are really going to go?" said Mrs. Archibald, smiling.

"I suppose you think I am not likely to get there," said he; "but really I have staid here long enough, and for several reasons."

"Sit down," said Margery, "and tell us what they are. There is a nice little rock with some moss on it."

The bishop promptly accepted the invitation and seated himself. As he did so, Martin, at a little distance, scowled, folded his arms, and slightly increased the length of his sentinel-like walk.

"Yes," said the bishop, brushing some pine leaves from his threadbare trousers, "during the time that I have accepted the hospitality of those young gentlemen I feel that I have in a great measure repaid them for their kindness, but now I see that I shall become a burden and an expense to them. In the first place, I eat a great deal more than both of them put together, so that the provisions they brought with them will be exhausted much sooner than they expected. I am also of the opinion that they are getting tired of eating in their own camp, but as I make a point of preparing the meals at stated hours, of course they feel obliged to partake of them."

"By which you mean, I suppose," said Mrs. Archibald, "that if they had not you to cook for them they would be apt to take a good many meals with us, as they did when they first came, and which would be cheaper and pleasanter."

"I beg, madam," said the bishop, quickly, "that you will not think that they have said anything of the sort. I simply inferred, from remarks I have heard, that one of them, at least, is very much of the opinion you have just stated; therefore I feel that I cannot be welcome much longer in Camp Roy. There is also another reason why I should go now. I have a business prospect before me."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mrs. Archibald. "Is it a good one?"

"I think it is," said the bishop. "I have been considering it earnestly, and the more I fix my mind upon it the greater appear its advantages. I don't mind in the least telling you what it is. A gentleman who is acquainted with my family and whom I have met two or three times, but not recently, possesses a very fine estate some thirty miles south of this place. He has been in Europe for some time, but is expected to return to his country mansion about the end of this week. It is my purpose to offer myself to him in the capacity of private librarian. I do not think it will be difficult to convince him that I have many qualifications for the situation."

"Has he so many books that he needs a librarian?" asked Margery.

"No," said the bishop; "I have no reason to suppose that he has any more books than the ordinary country gentleman possesses, but he ought to have. He has a very large income, and is now engaged in establishing for his family what is intended to become, in time, an ancestral mansion. It is obvious to any one of intelligence that such a grand mansion would not be complete without a well-selected library, and that such a library could not be selected or arranged by an ordinary man of affairs. Consequently, unless he has a competent person to perform this duty for him, his library for a long time will be insignificant. When I shall put the question before him, I have no doubt that he will see and appreciate the force and value of my statements. Such a position will suit me admirably. I shall ask but little salary, but it will give me something far better than money—an opportunity to select from the book marts of the whole world the literature in which I delight. Consequently, you will see that it is highly desirable that I should be on hand when this gentleman arrives at his estate.”

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

With a look of gentle pity Mrs. Archibald gazed at the smooth round face of the bishop, flushed with the delights of anticipation and brightened by the cheery smile which nearly always accompanied his remarks. “And is that your only prospect?” she said “I don't want to discourage you, but it seems to me that if you had some regular business—and you are not too old to learn something of the sort—it would be far better for you than trying to obtain the mythical position you speak of. I see that you are a man of intelligence and education, and I believe that you would succeed in almost any calling to which you would apply yourself with earnestness and industry. You must excuse me for speaking so plainly, but I am much older than you are and I do it for your good.”

“Madam,” exclaimed the bishop, radiant with grateful emotion, “I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said. I thank you for your appreciation of me and for the generous motive of your words, but, to be frank with you, I am not suited to a calling such as you have mentioned. I have many qualities which I well know would promote my fortunes were they properly applied, but that application is difficult, for the reason that my principal mental characteristic is indefiniteness. When but a little child I was indefinite. Nobody knew what I was going to do, or how I would turn out; no one has since known, and no one knows now. In whatever way I have turned my attention in my endeavors to support myself, I have been obstructed and even appalled by the definiteness of the ordinary pursuits of life. Now the making of a private library is in itself an indefinite occupation. It has not its lines, its rules, its limitations. But do not think, kind lady, that I shall always depend upon such employment. Should I obtain it, I should hold it only so long as it would be necessary, and it may be necessary for but a little while. Do you care to hear of my permanent prospects?” said he, looking from one lady to the other.

“Certainly,” said Margery; “we would like to hear all you have to tell.”

“Well then,” said the bishop, folding his arms and smiling effusively, but with a gentle curbing of his ordinary cheerfulness, “I will inform you that I have an uncle who is a man of wealth and well on in years. Unfortunately, or fortunately it may be, this uncle greatly dislikes me. He objects so strongly to my methods of thought and action, and even to my physical presence, that he cannot bear to hear me speak or even to look at me, and the last time I was in his company, about four years ago, he told me that he would leave me a legacy on condition that he should never hear from me or see me again. He promised to make the proper provision in his will immediately, but declared, and I know he will keep his word, that if he ever received a letter from me or even saw me or heard my voice he would instantly strike out that clause. I appreciated and respected his feelings, and accepted the condition. From that moment I have not written to him, nor shall I ever write to him, and I shall never go near him so long as he is alive. As I said, he is of advanced age, and it is impossible that he can long survive. When his demise takes place my circumstances will, I believe, be satisfactory.”

“Did your uncle say how much he would leave you?” asked Mrs. Archibald.

“No, madam,” returned the other, “he did not, but I feel sure that the sum will be measured by his satisfaction in knowing that his existence is entirely freed from me.”

“Really,” said Mrs. Archibald, “there is nothing about you so indefinite as your prospects.”

“And it seems horrible to me,” said Margery, “to be hoping that some one may die in order that you may be better off, and as you want money so much, you must hope that your uncle will die.”

The bishop smiled and rose. “And now,” said he, “I suppose I must go to prepare the dinner at Camp Roy. There is nobody there to eat it but myself, but I have assumed the duty, and it must be performed. Good-morning. By your leave, I shall look in upon you again.”

Mrs. Archibald had a mind to ask him to stay and dine with them, but having noticed an unfriendly expression on the face of Martin when his gloomy walk brought him in her direction, she thought it would not be wise to do so.

XI.—MARGERY TAKES THE OARS.

After dinner Mrs. Archibald prepared herself for a nap, the most delightful thing she could think of during the warm hours of such a day. Margery, after seeing the elder lady comfortably disposed in the shady sitting-room of the cabin, went out of doors with no doubt in her mind as to what would be for her the most delightful thing to do. She would take a row on the lake all by herself.

She went down to the boat, which was partly drawn up on the beach and fastened to a heavy stake. But when she reached it she was disgusted to find that the chain was secured to the stake by a padlock. The oars were in the boat, and she could easily have pushed it into the water, but she could not set it free without the key to the padlock.

“I do believe,” she exclaimed, “that the will of that horrid Mr. Sadler is like gas. It goes everywhere, even to the tops of the houses and under the beds.” But she did not give up her intention. She tried to detach the chain from the boat, but finding this impossible, she thought of going for Martin. Perhaps he might have a key. This idea, however, she quickly put aside. If he had a key, and gave it to her, she might get him into trouble, and, besides, she did not believe that he would let her go alone, and in any other way she did not wish to go. Standing with her pretty brows knit, and one heel deep in the soft ground into which she had stamped it, she heard approaching footsteps, and turning, saw the bishop. He came forward with a buoyant step.

“Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Dearborn?” he said. “Do you wish to go out on the lake? Do you want some one to row you?”

“Yes and no,” said Margery. “I want to go out in the boat, and I don't want anybody to row me. But that chain is fastened with an abominable padlock, and I cannot launch the boat.”

“One of your guides is here,” said he. “Perhaps I can get a key from him.”

“No, no,” said Margery, quickly; “he must not know about it. There is a Sadler law against it, and he is employed by Sadler.”

“It is very securely fastened,” said the bishop, examining the lock and chain. “It is the work of the guide Matlack, I have no doubt. But, Miss Dearborn,” said he, with a bright smile, “there is a boat at Camp Roy. That is not locked, and I can bring it here in twenty minutes.”

“No,” said Margery; “I don't want that boat. I've seen it. It is a clumsy old thing, and, besides, it leaks. I want this one. This is just the kind of boat I want to row. It is too bad. If I could get off now there would be nobody to hinder me, for Martin is washing the dinner dishes, or doing something of that kind, and whenever he does house-work he always keeps himself out of sight.”

The bishop examined the stake. It was a stout little tree trunk driven deep into the ground and projecting about five feet above the surface, with the chain so wrapped around it that it was impossible to force it up or down. Seizing the stake near the top, the bishop began to push it backward and forward, and being a man of great strength, he soon loosened it so much that, stooping, he was able to pull it from the ground.

“Hurrah!” exclaimed Margery. “It came up just like pulling a tooth.”

“Yes,” said the radiant bishop; “the good Matlack may be very careful about fastening a boat, but I think I have got the better of him this time; and now I will put the stake, chain and all, in the bow. That is the best way of disposing of them. Are you sure that you prefer going alone? I shall be delighted to row you if you wish me to.”

“Oh no,” said Margery; “I am just wild to row myself, and I want to hurry and get off for fear Martin will be coming down here.”

“Are you sure you understand rowing and the management of a boat?” he asked.

“Oh yes,” she replied, “I can row; of course I can. I will get in, and then you can push off the boat.”

“Allow me,” said the bishop. But before he could reach her to help her, Margery had stepped on the side of the boat and was about to seat herself.

“If you will take the seat next to the stern,” said the bishop, holding the boat so that it would be steady, “I think that will be better. Then the weight of the stake in the bow will put the boat on an even keel.”

“All right,” said Margery, accepting his suggestion and seating herself. “Now just wait until I get the oars into the rowlocks, and then you can push me off.”

“Which way do you intend to row?” asked the bishop.

“Oh, I shall go down toward the lower end of the lake, because that way there are more bushes along the banks and Martin will be less apt to see me. If I go the other way I will be in plain sight of the camp, and he may think he ought to do something—fire a gun across my bows to bring me to, may be, as they do at sea.”

“Hardly,” said the bishop; “but let me advise you not to go very far from the shore, so that if you feel tired you can come in easily, and if you will allow me I will walk down the shore in the direction in which you intend to row.”

“Oh, I am not going to get tired,” said she. “I could row all day. It is splendid to be in a boat all by myself and have the whole management of it. Now please push me off.”

With some reluctance, but with a sincere desire to make the young girl happy, which could not be overcome by prudence—at least by such prudence as he possessed—the bishop, with a strong steady push, sent the boat well out on the surface of the water.

“That was beautifully done,” Margery called back to him. “Now I have room enough to turn around without any trouble at all.”

She turned the boat about with its bow toward the lower end of the lake, but it was not without trouble. “I have not rowed for a good while,” she said, “but I am getting used to the oars already. Now then, I'm off,” and she began to pull with a strength which, had it been suitably paired with skill, would have made her an excellent amateur oarswoman. But the place of skill was supplied by enthusiasm and determination. Once or twice an oar slipped from the rowlock and she nearly went over backwards, and several times one of the blades got under the water with the flat side up, so that she had difficulty in getting it out. She raised her oars much too high in the air, but she counterbalanced this by sinking them very deep into the water. But she got on, and although her course was somewhat irregular, its general trend was in the direction desired.

The bishop walked along the bank, keeping as near to the water as he could. Sometimes masses of shrubbery shut off all view of the lake, and then there would be an open space where he would stop and watch the boat.

“Please keep near the shore, Miss Dearborn,” he called; “that will be better, I think, and it is certainly more shady and pleasant than further out.”

“I know what you mean,” cried Margery, pulling away in high good-humor; “you think it is safer near the shore; but I am not going to row very far this time, and after a little while I may pull the boat in and rest for a time before starting back,” and then she rowed on with renewed energy.

The next time the bishop was able to hail the boat, it was at a point where he was obliged to push his way through the bushes in order to see out upon the lake.

“Miss Dearborn,” he called, “I think you are a great deal too far from shore, and you must be getting very tired and hot. Your face is greatly flushed. I will hurry along and see if I can find a good place for you to stop and cool yourself.”

“I am all right,” cried Margery, resting on her oars. “I get along very well, only the boat doesn't steer properly. I think it is because of the weight of that stick in the bow. I suppose I could not get rid of it?”

“Oh no!” cried the bishop, in alarm; “please don't think of it! But if you touch shore at the first open space, I think I can arrange it better for you.”

“Very good,” said she; “you go ahead and find such a place, and I will come in.”

“If you touch shore,” said the bishop to himself, “you don't go out again in that boat alone! You don't know how to row at all.”

The bishop ran a hundred yards or more before he found a place at which a boat could be beached. It was not a very good place, but if he could reach out and get hold of the bow, that would be enough for him. He was strong enough to pull that boat over a paved street.

As he looked out over the water he saw that Margery had progressed considerably since he had seen her last, but she was still further from shore than before.

“Row straight toward me!” he shouted. “Here is a fine landing-place, cool and shady.”

She looked around and managed to turn the boat's head in his direction. Then she rowed hard, pulling and splashing, and evidently a little tired. She was strong, but this unusual exercise was a trial to her muscles. Perhaps, too, she felt that the bishop was watching her, and that made her a little nervous, for she could not help being aware that she was not handling the oars as well as when she started out. With a strong pull at her right oar to turn the boat inland, she got her left oar tangled between the water and the boat, so it seemed to her, and lost her hold of it. In a moment it was overboard and floating on the lake.

Leaning over the side of the boat, she made a grasp at the oar, but it was too far for her to reach it; and then, by some spasmodic movement of the other oar, the distance was increased.

The bishop's face grew pale. As he looked at her he saw that the distance between her and the oar was increasing, and now he understood why she had progressed so well. There was a considerable current in the lake which had carried her along, and was now moving the heavy boat much faster than it moved the oar. What should he tell her to do? If she could put her single oar out at the stern, she might scull the boat; but he was sure she did not understand sculling, and to try it she would have to stand up, and this would be madness.

She now took the other oar from the rowlock, and was about to rise, when the bishop shouted to her.

“What are you going to do?” he cried.

“I am going to the stern,” she said, “to see if I cannot reach that oar with this one. Perhaps I can pull it in.”

“For Heaven's sake, don't do that!” he cried. “Don't stand up, or the boat will topple, and you will fall overboard.”

“But what can I do?” she called back. “I can't row with one oar.”

“Try rowing a little on one side, and then on the other,” said he. “Perhaps you can bring the boat in that way.”

She followed his suggestion, but very awkwardly, and he saw plainly that she was tired. Instead of approaching the shore, the boat continued to float down the lake.

Margery turned again. “Bishop,” she cried, “what shall I do? I must do something, or I can't get ashore at all.”

She did not look frightened; there was more of annoyance in her expression, as if she thought it impertinent in fate to treat her in this way, and she would not stand it.

“If I had thought of the current,” said the bishop to himself, “I would never have let her go out alone, and she can't be trusted in that boat another minute longer. She will do something desperate.” So saying, the bishop took off his hat and threw it on the ground. Then he unbuttoned his coat and began to take it off, but he suddenly changed his mind. Even in that wilderness and under these circumstances he must appear respectable, so he buttoned his coat up again, and hastily took off his shoes, and, without hesitating, walked into the water until it was above his waist, and then calling to Margery that he was coming to her, he began to swim out into the lake. He did not strike out immediately for the boat, but directed his course toward the floating oar. Turning his head frequently toward Margery, he could see that she was sitting perfectly still, watching him, and so he kept on with a good heart.

The bishop was a powerful swimmer, but he found great difficulty in making his way through the water, on account of the extreme tightness of his clothes. It seemed to him that his arms and legs were bandaged in splints, as if he had been under a surgeon's care; but still he struck out as well as he could, and in time reached the oar. Pushing this before him to the boat, Margery took hold of it.

“You swim splendidly,” said she. “You can climb in right here.”

But the bishop knew better than that, and worked his way round to the stern, and after holding on a little while to get his breath, he managed to clamber into the boat.

“Was the water very cold?” said she.

On his replying that it was, she said she thought so because he seemed stiff.

“Now, Miss Dearborn,” said he, “I have made the stern seat very wet, but I don't believe you will mind that, and if you will sit here I will take the oars and row you in.”

“Oh, I think I can do that myself,” said Margery. “I am rested now, and I am ever so much obliged to you for getting my oar for me.”

Under almost any circumstances the bishop could smile, and now he smiled at the ridiculousness of the idea of Margery's rowing that boat back against the current, and with him in it.

“Indeed,” he said, “I must insist. I shall freeze to death if I don't warm myself by exercise.” So, reaching out his hand, he assisted Margery to the stern, and seating himself in her place, he took the oars, which she had drawn in.

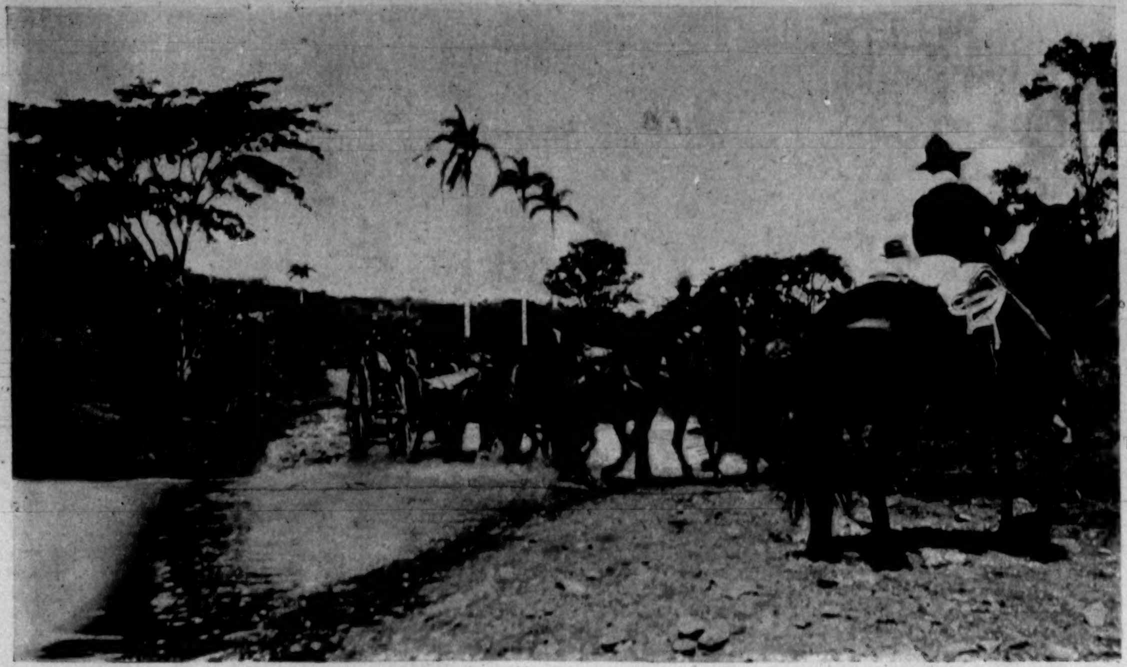
“I don't see why I could not make the boat go along that way,” said she, as they began to move steadily toward the camp. “And I believe I could do it if people would only let me practise by myself; but they always want to show me how, and I hate to have anybody show me how. It is funny,” she continued, “that you seem so very wet all but your collar. That looks as smooth and nice as if it had just come from the laundry.”

The bishop laughed. “That is because it is gutta-percha,” he said, “intended for rough use in camp; but the rest of my habiliments were not intended for wet weather.”

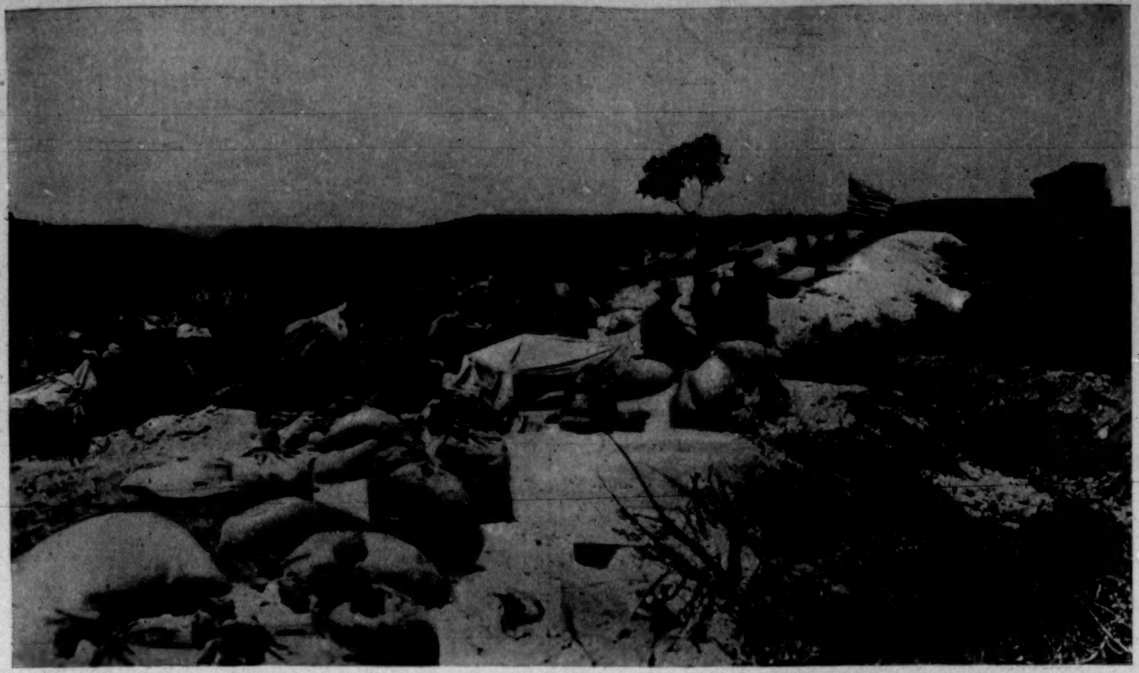
“And you have no hat,” said she. “Doesn't the sun hurt your head?”

“My head does feel a little warm,” seid he, “but I didn't want to row back to the place where I left my hat. It was not a good landing-place, after all. Besides,” he said to himself, “I never thought of my hat or my shoes.”

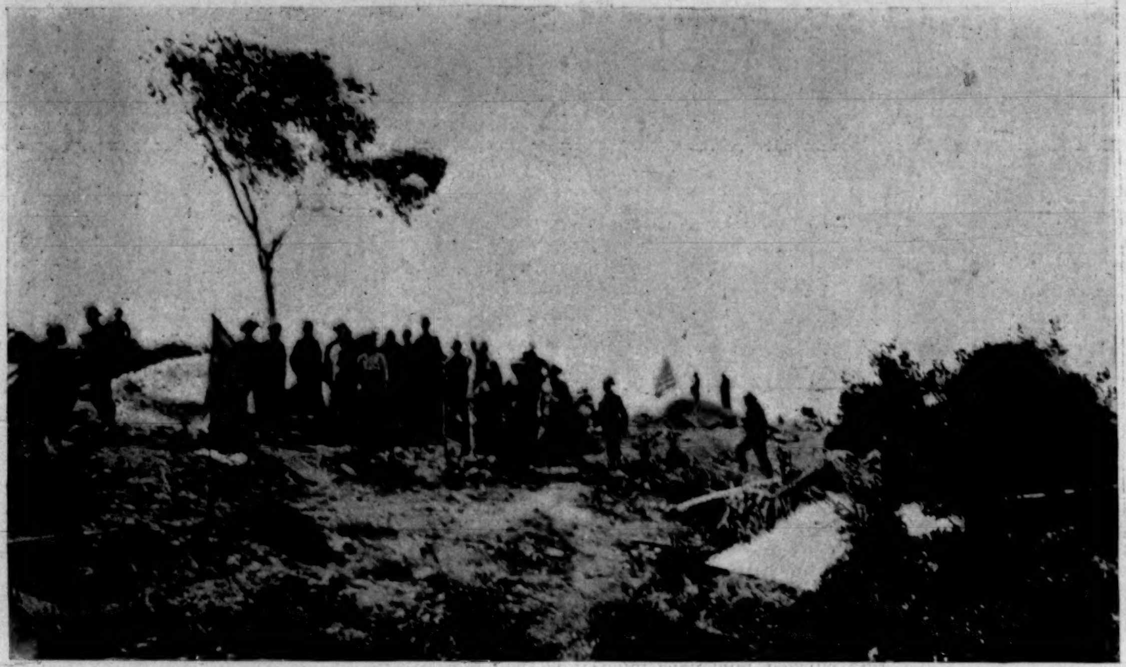
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



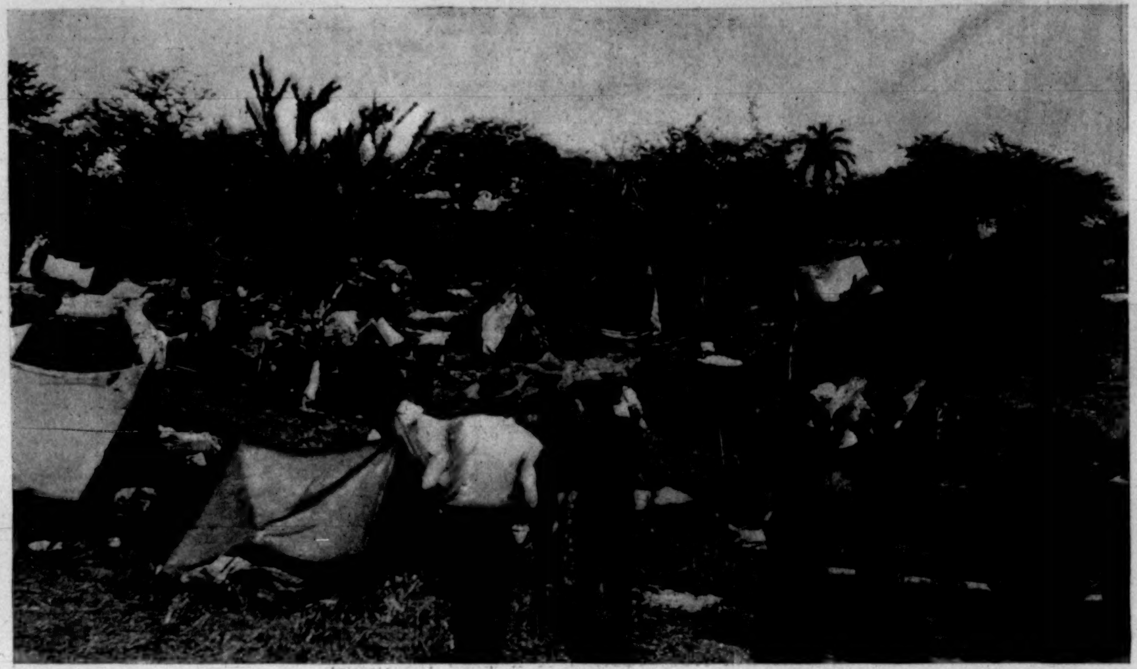
LIGHT ARTILLERY MOVING TO A NEW POSITION.



SAN JUAN HILL—PORTION OF THE LINE HELD BY THE 9th U. S. INFANTRY.



HEADQUARTERS 3d BRIGADE, 1st DIVISION, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EWERS, SAN JUAN HILL.



GENERAL WHEELER'S HEADQUARTERS, SAN JUAN.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN, JULY 1 AND 2.

Photographs by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly" with General Shafter's Army.

CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN CONSULS FROM SANTIAGO WITH GENERAL WHEELER CONCERNING THE BOMBARDMENT.

TROOPS GOING TO THE FRONT, WADING KNEE-DEEP THROUGH A BROOK.

ENGINEER CORPS PUTTING UP A FIELD TELEPHONE.

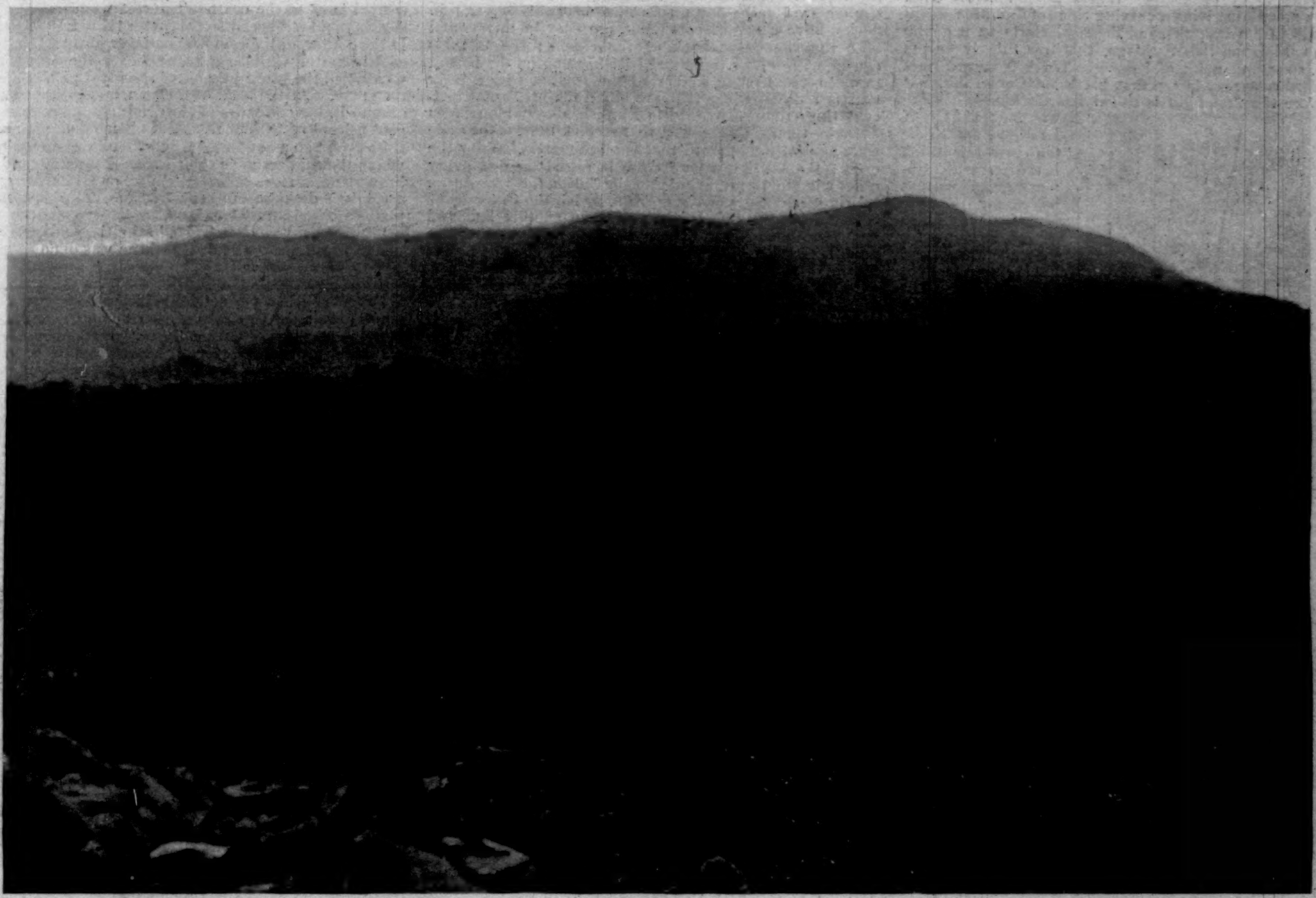
THE SPANISH PRISONERS EXCHANGED FOR HOBSON AND HIS MEN.

INCIDENTS IN THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

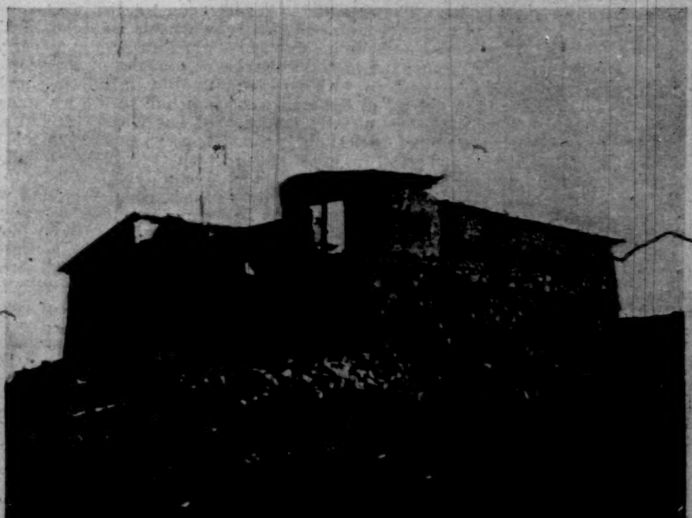
MULE-TRAIN WITH AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES.

WAGON-TRAIN WITH COMMISSARY STORES.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE-GROUND OVER WHICH OUR TROOPS FOUGHT THEIR WAY ON JULY 1.

THE 7th U. S. INFANTRY FORMED LINE HERE BEFORE THE FINAL ASSAULT.
Empty Cartridge-Cases in Foreground.



BLOCK-HOUSE AND FORT DEMOLISHED BY OUR ARTILLERY.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF EL CANEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

THE ANSWER.

"The Whelps of the Lion answer him."
—Recent anonymous poem in English paper.

The old lion stands in his lonely lair;
  The noise of the hunting has broken his rest;
He scowls to the Eastward: tiger and bear
  Are harrying his jungle; he turns to the West;

And sends through the murk and mist of the night,
  A thunder that rumbles and rolls down the trail;
And tiger and bear, the quarry in sight,
  Crouch low in the covert, and cower and quail;

For deep through the night-gloom, like surf on a shore,
  Peals thunder in answer, resounding with ire;
The hunters turn stricken: they know the dread roar:
  The whelp of the lion is joining his sire.

Thomas Nelson Page.

WITH THE ROUGH RIDERS AT LAS GUASIMAS.

I.

June 25, 1898.

La Guasima is a tree that bears nuts and has low wide-spreading boughs, from which it is easy to swing a noose. Therefore the Cubans use it for the fattening of pigs and the hanging of criminals. Where a spur of La Gran Piedra mountains joins a curving ridge of foot-hills, about five miles from Baiquiri, and the road starts on a gentle downward slope into Santiago, this tree thickly covers ridge, spur, and point of contact. There American met Spaniard yesterday in the first battle on Cuban soil, and therefore the first fight is called Las Guasimas. There was another fight of Las Guasimas in the ten years' revolution in the seventies. Gomez remembers that battle, for it made him famous. The Rough Riders, for the same reason, will remember the fight of yesterday. The Spaniard will remember both: in one he lost a thousand men; in the other he learned the temper and marksmanship of the American soldier—regular and volunteer. "The Americans do not fight like other people," said the Spaniard. "They advance under a heavy fire, when by the rules of civilized warfare they should give way." Therefore the Spaniard, rather than wrestle longer with such an ignorant barbarian, gave way himself, and printed at Santiago that with four thousand men he had held back the whole American army. That at least is the word brought through our lines by the poor starving devils who were allowed to leave Santiago—that at Santiago there might be fewer mouths to feed—and come out and trade yellow mangoes for the hardtack of the advancing soldiers. As a matter of fact, the Americans engaged were 244 from the First United States Cavalry, and 220 from the Tenth United States Colored Cavalry—loss 8 killed and 17 wounded; and 500 of the Rough Riders, whose casualties were 9 killed and 46 wounded. How many the Spaniards were is not known, the highest estimate so far being 4000—which estimate came through refugees from Santiago—the lowest being 1500. Thirty-nine dead Spaniards were found after the fight, according to General Wheeler's report, and six wagon-loads—so the Cubans say—of wounded were carried into Santiago.

CAPT. A. M. WETHERILL,
6th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

There has been much criticism of that fight, especially from the regulars, among whom there is not a man who does not give it the highest praise. The zeal of the regulars and Riders led them too far beyond the reach of the commanding general. They were caught in an ambush. The end did not justify the means; the position could have been gained with less loss—perhaps with no loss; the Spaniards might have been cut off in the rear, surrounded, and annihilated by the forces already landed, if they had been allowed to come up before the fight began. The moral effect gained, if good and great, was lost through inability to follow it up, and the subsequent inactivity for want of rations, several days—all of which is problematical, a question distinctly with two sides, and not to be settled finally except by future developments and the word of the Spaniard at Santiago when he is ours. But, all granted, for the sake of argument, what then? Who remembers a military mistake when there is a deathless ideal of courage under it? I imagine the Riders would prefer a reprimand for being too far in front to one for being too far behind. As for the moral depression of the Spaniard, the fight of Las Guasimas left the way open to the picket-line around Santiago, along a road that is practically a narrow defile through rough country and impenetrable brush, where ambush is possible every hundred yards, and where a thousand Spaniards, say some of our officers, should be able to hold back the whole army. It is fair to presume that the Spaniards could have blocked our way at any good position along the road if they had been able to hold their own at Las Guasimas.

As for getting caught in an ambush, the Americans knew where the enemy was, and were flushing him as a pointer flushes a quail; so the theory, if true, only adds another advantage to the already perfect stronghold of the Spaniard, and another branch to the laurels the Riders won for dislodging him with such an inferior force. If there had been more Americans attacking, it is fair to suppose that there would have been more killed, as it is sure that more Spaniards would have been left on the field. Besides, the fight, after all, was only a skirmish, and the loss was small; but neither fact matters at all. The fight was a perfect exhibition of dauntless courage. So let critical lips be dumb. Let Old Glory and the flag of the one star wave together, and wave long and high. And from American and Cuban, to regular and Rider, with one throat—and for the Rider let it be opened wide—Hail!

II.

The stars and stripes were on the way to Santiago long before they streamed from the first captured Spanish block-house at the first landing-place at Baiquiri. Before General Chaffee was ashore General Lawton had a line of battle formed, Cossack outposts thrown out, and the flag was fluttering up the valley towards Santiago, rapidly, as were the Spaniards rapidly. That night he had it planted over Siboney. Being the last correspondent ordered ashore, I followed in the wake of the army—forty-eight hours late.

It was hot, very hot, but the road was a good hard path of clean sand, and now and then a breeze stirred, or a light cool rain twinkled in the air. At that hour the Rough Riders were charging a blazing Spanish line of battle, and, far in the rear, and all unknowing, I walked through strange plants, strange flowers, strange trees, to the music of strange birds, with nothing to see that was familiar except sky, mountain, running water, and sand, nothing homelike to hear but the twitter of swallows and the whistle of quail. Cactus, cocoanut-trees, guava-bushes, Guinea grass that is good for fodder, mangoes, mammon, silios, wild lemon, and over all the trembling crown of royal palm. And the birds! Judios—black birds with a strange oval tail—Jews, so called because they go in flocks, have a cry of complaint, are easy to thrive, and bear the aggressive beak of the chosen; the toti, his cousin, with all his traits and half his length; the hermit tocoloro, the French soldier of the tropics, with a body that is red and wings that are blue; the brilliant iridescent tiny colibri—fly-bird in English, oiseau-mouche in French—the spotted pitirre, that seemed to have the same spite against the buzzard that our bee-martin has for the crow; the bijirita, whose claw is raised against every other wing in the air (Spaniard calls Cuban, for that reason, bijirita); and the sparrow gorrion, which the Cuban calls Spaniard, because he is imported from another land and an unwelcome guest. There were no flowers—they are gone now until others come in July—except one flower that, like the Spanish flag, has a yellow heart and a border of blood; and, about a burnt hacienda, and emphasizing its desolation, a big bush of brilliant flamboyants and rioting vines of pale red corallelo—"little coral." Poetic and interesting as it all was overhead, however, that path underfoot was no road for a hard-drinking man to travel. There were too many hideous things crawling across the road and rustling into the cactus—spiders with snail-houses over them; lizards with green bodies and yellow legs, and green legs and yellow bodies; hairy tarantulas that are said not to be poisonous; and hideous land-crabs standing three inches from the sand, and watching you with hideous little eyes as they shuffled sidewise into the bushes. Moreover, I was following the trail of an army by the signs in its wake—the débris of the last night's camp: cans, bits of hardtack crackers, bad odors, by-and-by odds and ends that the soldiers discarded as the sun got warm and the pack heavy—drawers, under-shirts, coats, blankets, knapsacks, an occasional gauntlet or leggin, bits of fat bacon, canned meats, hardtack—and a swarm of buzzards in the path, in the trees, and wheeling in the air—and smiling Cubans picking up everything they could eat or wear.

This I was taking in when the Riders were fighting their way forward, foot by foot, and making the charge that won the day.

"Cease firing and advance!"

No wonder the Spaniards ran—they must have thought that the superb nerve of that charging line had the muscles of the whole army supporting it close behind.

At a big spring I was overtaken by two men. One had a smooth face that suggested subdued temptations, and the other called him, I thought, "captain." The one was a trooper, but the other, the smooth-faced man, was a chaplain. He wore a six-shooter, handled it with loving familiarity, said he asked no odds of any man, could settle a Spaniard at fifty paces, did not mean to be taken by surprise, and therefore, mounted on a mule as high as a dromedary, he carried his "gun" drawn, and almost wept next morning when his colonel told him that the articles of war forbade him to carry a weapon; and yet he was a man of the cloth, from Arizona, and to the Rough Riders—chaplain. The chaplain was much disturbed when we first heard of the fight of Las Guasimas, and groaned in genuine distress when he was told that the adjutant had seen Colonel Wood fall, and had got from his lips a dying message to his wife. The rumors were so thick, conflicting, and wild, however, that we were not sure there had been any fight at all. But by-and-by we met a white man on foot with his arm in a sling. Then came, on a litter, a negro with a shattered leg; then another with a bullet through his throat, and another and another. On horseback rode a sergeant with a bandage around his brow—I could see him smiling broadly fifty yards ahead—and the furrow of a Mauser bullet across his temple and just under his skin. After him we passed a camp of insurgents, little, thin, brown fellows, ragged, dirty, shoeless—each with a sugar-loaf straw hat, a Remington rifle of the pattern of 1882, or a brand-new Krag-Jorgensen donated by Uncle Sam, and the inevitable and ever-ready machete swinging in a case of embossed leather on the left hip. They were very young and very old, and were wiry, quick-eyed, intelligent for the most part, and in countenance vivacious and rather gentle. There was a little creek next, and climbing the bank of the other side, I stopped short, with a start, in the road. To the right and on a sloping bank lay eight gray shapes muffled from head to foot, and I thought of the men I had seen asleep on the deck of the transport at dawn. Only these were rigid, and I should have known that all of them were in their last sleep but one, who lay with his left knee bent and upright, his left elbow thrust from his blanket, and his hand on his heart. He slept like a child.

Beyond was the camp of the regulars who had taken part in the fight. On one side stood General Young, who himself had aimed a Hotchkiss gun in the fight—covered with grime and sweat, and with the passion of battle not quite gone from his eyes; and across the road soldiers were digging one long grave. Half a mile further, on the top of the ridge and on a grassy sunlit knoll, was the camp of the Riders, just beyond the rifle-pits from which they had driven the Spaniards. Under a tree, to the right, lay another row of muffled shapes, and at once I walked with Colonel Wood to the hospital, a quarter of a mile away. The path, narrow, thickly shaded, and dappled with sunshine, ran along the ridge through the battle-field, and was as pretty, peaceful, and romantic as Lovers' Walk now is at White Sulphur. Here and there the tall grass along the path was pressed flat where a wounded man had lain. In one place the grass was matted and dark red; near by was a blood-stained hat marked with the initials "E. L." Here was the spot where Hamilton Fish fell, the first victim of the fight; there brave young Capron was killed. A passing soldier bared his left arm and showed me three places between his wrist and elbow where the skin had merely been blistered by three separate bullets as he lay in front of Capron after the latter fell. Farther on lay a dead Spaniard with covered face. A buzzard flapped from the tree over him as we passed beneath. Beyond was the open-air hospital, where were two more rigid human figures and where the wounded lay.

That night there was a clear sky, a quarter-moon, and an enveloping mist of stars, but little sleep for any, I imagine, and but restless battle-haunted sleep for all. Next morning followed the burial. Captain Capron was carried back to the coast. The rest were placed side by side in one long broad trench, with their feet to the east. In the bottom of the grave was a layer of long thick green cool leaves of Guinea grass, and over the brave fellows were piled the green plumes of the royal palm as long as the grave. At the head of the trench stood the chaplain; around it, the comrades of the dead; along the road straggled a band of patient ragged Cubans, and approaching from Santiago a band of starving women and children for whom the soldiers gave their lives. No man could ask a braver end, a more generous cause, or a kindlier grave—a soldier's death, a brother's freedom, and a last resting-place in leaves and white sand.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," sang the soldiers.

And the tragedy of Las Guasimas was done.

III.

Everybody has perfect faith in the American regular, and knows what he can and what he will ever do. General Young did, then, what the nation knew he would do, and his negro troopers fought bravely and well. But the interest of the fight would centre in the gallant conduct of Roosevelt's Rough Riders—or Wood's Weary Walkers, as they were dubbed at Tampa after their horses were taken from under them—even if they had not borne the brunt of the fight. Never was there a more representative body of men on American soil; never was there a body of such varied elements; and yet it was so easily welded into an effective fighting-machine that a foreigner would not know that they were not as near brothers in blood, character, occupation, mutual faith, and long companionship as any volunteer regiment that ever took the field. The dominant element was the big-game hunter and the cowboy, and every field-officer and captain had at one time or another owned a ranch. The majority came from Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory, though every State in the Union was represented. There were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, University of Virginia, of Pennsylvania, of Colorado, of Iowa, and other Western and Southern colleges. There were members of the Knickerbocker Club of New York and the Somerset of Boston, and of crack horse organizations of Philadelphia, New York, and New Jersey. There were revenue officers from Georgia and Tennessee, policemen from New York city, six or eight deputy marshals from Colorado, half a dozen Texan Rangers, and one Pawnee, several Cherokees and Chickasaws, Choctaws and Creeks. There were men of all political faiths, all creeds—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. There was one strapping Australian and one of the Queen's Mounted Police, though 90 per cent. of all were native-born Americans. And athletes a plenty—Wrenn, who twice saved America the tennis championship over England, and Larned, the second-best player in the land; Goodrich, the captain of Harvard's crew in '97, and Bull, who rowed on that crew; Dean, the best quarter-back in Harvard's history, and Greenway, the best end in the history of Yale; Channing and Church, who played football at Princeton; Hollister the runner and Waller the high-jumper of Yale; Stephens the polo-player, and Ferguson and Thorpe, the members of Roosevelt's old polo team at Oyster Bay; and besides these, who were all troopers, Lieutenant Devereux, who played good football at Princeton, and Lieutenant Woodbury Kane, who did the same at Harvard, and who helped win his commission washing

2d LIEUT. JOS. N. AUGUSTIN, JR.,
24th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

2d LIEUT. JOHN A. GURNEY.
24th U. S. Infantry. Killed in the Attack on San Juan.

lishes on a cooking detail for a New Mexico outfit, and washing them, as a superior said, "d——d well."

And more: Sergeant McElhinny, the Louisiana planter, who has an island of his own; Captain Jenkins of South Carolina, son of the Confederate general; Captain O'Neill, ex-mayor, ex-sheriff, and hunter of Indian and white desperado, populist and free-silver man; Captain Llewelyn, who carries four bullets in his body; Captain Luna, who demanded at Tampa that he should be permitted to go to the front and show his loyalty because he was the only man of pure Spanish blood holding a commission in the American army; Sergeant Darry, who was Speaker of a Lower House and Gold Democrat candidate for Congress; Heffner, who, though shot mortally, got Colonel Roosevelt to give him his gun, and, propped against a tree, kept firing until the line went forward; and Lieutenant Thomas, whose father fought in the civil war, whose grandfather was killed in the Mexican war, who had two grandfathers in the war of 1812, three grandfathers in the war of the Revolution, while the fourth was Patrick Henry—all these were citizens of New Mexico. Lastly, there was Captain Capron, who fell—the fifth from father to son in the United States army, a captain of Indian scouts, an expert in Indian sign-language, and a great hunter. There were no laggards in that little struggle. Marshall, the correspondent, kept with the advancing line, taking notes as he advanced, and when shot through the spine kept on writing his "story" between periods of unconsciousness and spasms of pain. Caspar Whitney stood near a Hotchkiss gun and took the fire as coolly as any regular under General Young. Colonel Roosevelt picked up a rifle and led his men on a charge across a space where he thought they needed encouragement; and Richard Harding Davis gave the good service of an officer in the beginning, and afterwards took the gun of a wounded man and fought with the rest.

Such were the men who fought the good little fight of Las Guasimas, and would to Heaven I had been with them! And so, once more, to the Riders, one and all—Hail!

IV.

June 30.

Quiet, modest, forceful Colonel Wood moves on Santiago to-morrow in command of a brigade. Roosevelt's Rough Riders go as Roosevelt's in fact as well as in name. Colonel Roosevelt has made his word of peace good in war.

JOHN FOX, JR.

LIEUTENANTS GURNEY AND AUGUSTIN.

WE publish in this issue a picture of Lieutenants John A. Gurney and Joseph N. Augustin, Jr., officers of the regular army, who were killed in the charge up San Juan Hill, July 1. They were graduates of West Point of the class of '95, and they were only boys.

Lieutenant Augustin was born in New Orleans in 1874; Lieutenant Gurney, in Hart, Michigan, in 1872. They entered the Military Academy together in 1891, and were graduated together in 1895. At the time of his death young Augustin had been married less than a year. Gurney was graduated near the head of his class; he was the president of his class, and one of its best loved men, and Augustin had as many good traits as he.

A most pathetic feature in the fate of these two young men is the strong affection that existed between them. They were chums during the four years at West Point; they went into the same regiment, the Twenty-fourth Infantry, so as to be together. When they went together to Santiago they arranged with each other that if one were killed the other should break the news. They fell together. In the charge, when every officer in Gurney's company was struck, Gurney and Augustin were killed. The picture of them is from a photograph which they sat for together only a short time ago.

Certainly all good, kind people owe these brave young men a thought for the happy and hopeful lives they laid down for their duty on San Juan Hill.

WILLISTON FISH.

HOW THE "OREGON" CHASED THE "COLON."

BY THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ON BOARD.

ON this ship the first call for quarters, 9.25 A.M., had just sounded, and all hands were in their best clean white, and the decks all straightened up for Sunday inspection. The officers of the deck noticed the masts of a ship moving inside the harbor, but no one thought of it seriously, because Sunday was looked upon as a day of rest, and during the month we have been blockading no shots have been fired on that day. But as these masts kept coming in sight, we quickly went to quarters, and ran up the signal, "The enemy is escaping."

When the alarm-gongs rang, the people belowdecks all thought, "Well, somebody has pushed the button for 'general quarters' by mistake," but nevertheless the ship was ready for action in an instant, and all hands were thrilled with a glad excitement to see that Cervera was going to make a dash with his twenty-knot squadron and give us a fight, after all.

Captain Clark ordered one of the marines to fire a 6-pounder at the entrance to call attention to our signal, and I can assure you that our ships were not long in answering.

Well, out came the Spanish ships, described to Captain Clark in a cipher despatch to Rio Janeiro from the Navy Department, which, when translated, read thus:

> Four armored cruisers, heavy and fast.
> Three torpedo-boats, sea-going class.
> Beware!

This was the cream of the Spanish navy, which we supposed to be after our ship when we ran up the coast of South America, and cheer after cheer went up when we saw that there was to be a real fight at last.

We commenced a rapid fire, which was kept up during the whole engagement, and was only broken by a howl of delight when a good shot was fired, or by yells when a torpedo-boat could be seen through the smoke. But the reports of the 6-pounders soon interrupted the latter.

As soon as they got out of the harbor, Cervera took enough time to form his fleet, and then steamed to the "four bells." The *Iowa*, *Texas*, and *Brooklyn* were west of us, but we soon passed all but Commodore Schley's flag-ship, and with forced draught joined in the chase.

The *New York*, *Massachusetts*, *Newark*, and *New Orleans* were, so far as the Spaniards could see, out of the fight, so they most likely thought that if they could escape the battle-ships they would have only the *Brooklyn* to contend with. But they had not counted on the *Oregon*, which, with the *Brooklyn*, outstripped all our fleet, and gained steadily on the flying enemy.

We kept up a continuous fire on the nearest ships, and, as they headed inshore one after the other, paid no attention to them, except to send a parting shot from our after-guns to "boost" them along a little faster.

Finally only the *Vizcaya* and *Cristóbal Colon* were left. We had given the *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa* some pretty hard knocks, and, as the remainder of the fleet were "dusting along" right merrily far astern, we left the ships we had disabled to their tender mercies.

We concentrated our fire on the *Vizcaya*, about 3000 yards on our starboard bow; the *Brooklyn* was well off-shore of us, on our port bow, sending shot after shot into the unfortunate ship. Finally the *Vizcaya* too made for the beach, and with a cheer we sped on after the *Colon*. For a few moments we did not fire, but finally opened on her at a range varying from 9500 to 8500 yards with the forward 13-inch and 8-inch turrets.

Finally we were gratified to see that the *Cristóbal* too was making for the shore, about 50 miles to the westward of Santiago. She hauled down her colors at 1.12, and afterwards ran aground on a shelving gravelly beach. At 1.30 we slowed down, and with the *Brooklyn* ran near the prize.

The *Brooklyn*, being senior ship, sent a boat aboard to receive her surrender, while we ran near, keeping everything ready in case she should open fire again. The *New York* and *Texas*, which had been hull down to the eastward, finally came up, with the *Resolute* and *Vixen*, and preparations were made immediately to transfer prisoners and to attempt to save the ship.

On the *Oregon* the most intense enthusiasm prevailed. As other ships dropped astern it became more and more exciting, so that it was almost impossible to keep the men clear of the decks and behind armor. They insisted upon lining up on the forecastle and on top of the turrets, as the pictures will show; and when all of our ships were out of signal-distance we could look back on the *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo*, which we ran on the beach, and congratulate ourselves on being on a 16.5-knots battle-ship. The *Oregon*, by-the-way, has the name of "Yankee Devil" or "Bull-dog" among the Spaniards.

When the *Colon* was run on the beach the Spanish took the time used in making official visits to open all sea connections and to break the valve-stems so that she would founder. The breech-plugs of most of the guns were thrown overboard, and everything possible was done to disable the ship. All of her crew had been very liberally supplied with liquor, so that they were *hors de combat* in more senses than one; the officers looked rather forlorn, but the men were happy and contented. The ship was bountifully supplied with provisions, there being five cows on the forecastle, to say nothing of flour and beef in the fore-hold.

Having done what we could to save the ship, our prize-crew all left her before midnight. She was slowly settling; and after the *New York*, by a very skilful piece of seamanship, pushed her further up on the beach, she was left to her fate. In the morning we saw that she was listed heavily to starboard and resting easily on good bottom, so we steamed slowly towards Santiago.

On the way back we passed the cruisers that had been run ashore; most of them were afire, and it certainly was sad to see such fine ships going to ruin. However, we paid them back for the *Maine*, with interest, so we were happy to give such good news to our countrymen for the Fourth.

The *Cristóbal Colon* was magnificently furnished in her officers' quarters. Silver plate galore, cut glass, statuettes, silk hangings, and other finery were there in profusion.

It was demonstrated yesterday that torpedo-boats have only a small chance in the daytime, and that wood-work is very dangerous. But that is nothing new.

ALLIANCE.

Editor "Harper's Weekly":

Reading a Seattle paper on Sunday, while my ship, the *James Nesmith*, of New York, was loading coal at Union Bay, B. C., for St. Michaels, I got in a sentimental mood, and composed the following lines, not intending to have them printed. The other American captains insisted on having them sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY, so I hereby send them.

Yours, respectfully, Captain C. H. McLEOD.

YOU'VE used us well, John Bull, we'll own,
  Far better than we thought,
When all the world we faced alone
  And Cuba's freedom sought.
You've showed your hand as well befits
  The glorious fighting race,
That in its zenith proudly sits
  In honor's chiefest place.

And we have [illegible] the signs, John Bull,
  And feel the sweeping tide
That makes the hearts of nations full
  While battling side by side.
There is a Providence that rules
  In all affairs; it swells
Beyond the wisdom of the schools—
  And then, it's blood that tells.

And so, while England touches strings
  With no uncertain sound,
The Yankee drops all meaner things,
  To meet on common ground.
When Anglo-Saxon can attack,
  With hands across the sea,
The Stars and Stripes and Union-Jack
  Can set the whole world free.

The thin red line that never yields,
  The hearts of oak that dare,
Could face the foe on any field
  If Yankees, too, were there;
Could dare a frenzied world in arms
  'Mid shot and bursting shells,
And answer Europe's wild alarms
  With loud triumphant yells.

Your hand, John Bull, your honest hand;
  There'll nevermore be war
Between two nations that must stand
  For righteousness and law.
Our jealousies have passed away,
  The times we fought are done,
And grandly proud we stand to-day
  Like father and his son.

And soon the world will hear a song
  In every plain and valley,
As resonant it rises strong,
  While millions join the rally.
And "Yankee Doodle" will awake
  Your English meadows green,
While Yankee tongues from sea to lake
  Will sing "God Save the Queen."

C. H. McLEOD.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK.
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LADIES are greatly benefited by DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the South American Tonic.—[*Adv.*]

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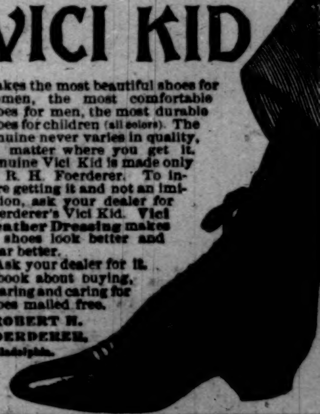
LYON & HEALY. 17 Adams St., Chicago.

Pears'
Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both: that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.
The color you want to avoid comes probably neither of nature or work, but of habit.
Either you do not wash effectually, or you wash too effectually; you do not get the skin open and clean, or you hurt it.
Remedy—Use Pears' Soap, no matter how much; but a little is enough if you use it often.
All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



A Leather Lesson
Thick leather isn't always durable. Thin leather isn't always comfortable. Oily leather isn't always waterproof. Dear leather isn't always best. Low price leather isn't always cheap. Vici Kid is always reliable. This is the reason it is fast superseding all other leathers. Vici Kid is the only leather that repels the cold, yet absorbs no heat. It is the only leather free from oil, yet impervious to water. It is the only leather soft enough for comfort, strong enough for any kind of wear.
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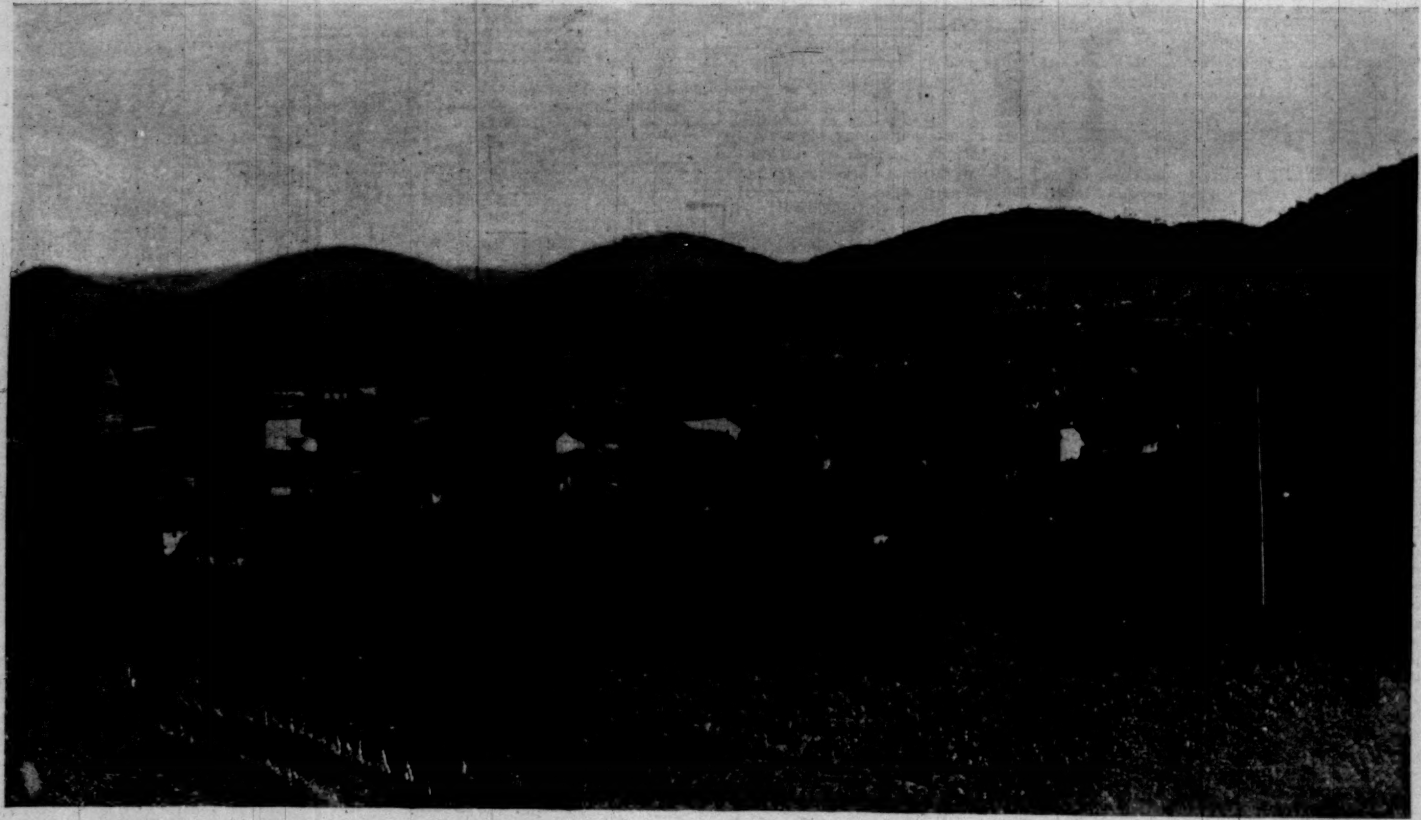
ARRIVAL OF COMMISSARY STORES—HUNGRY REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO WAITING FOR UNCLE SAM'S RATIONS.

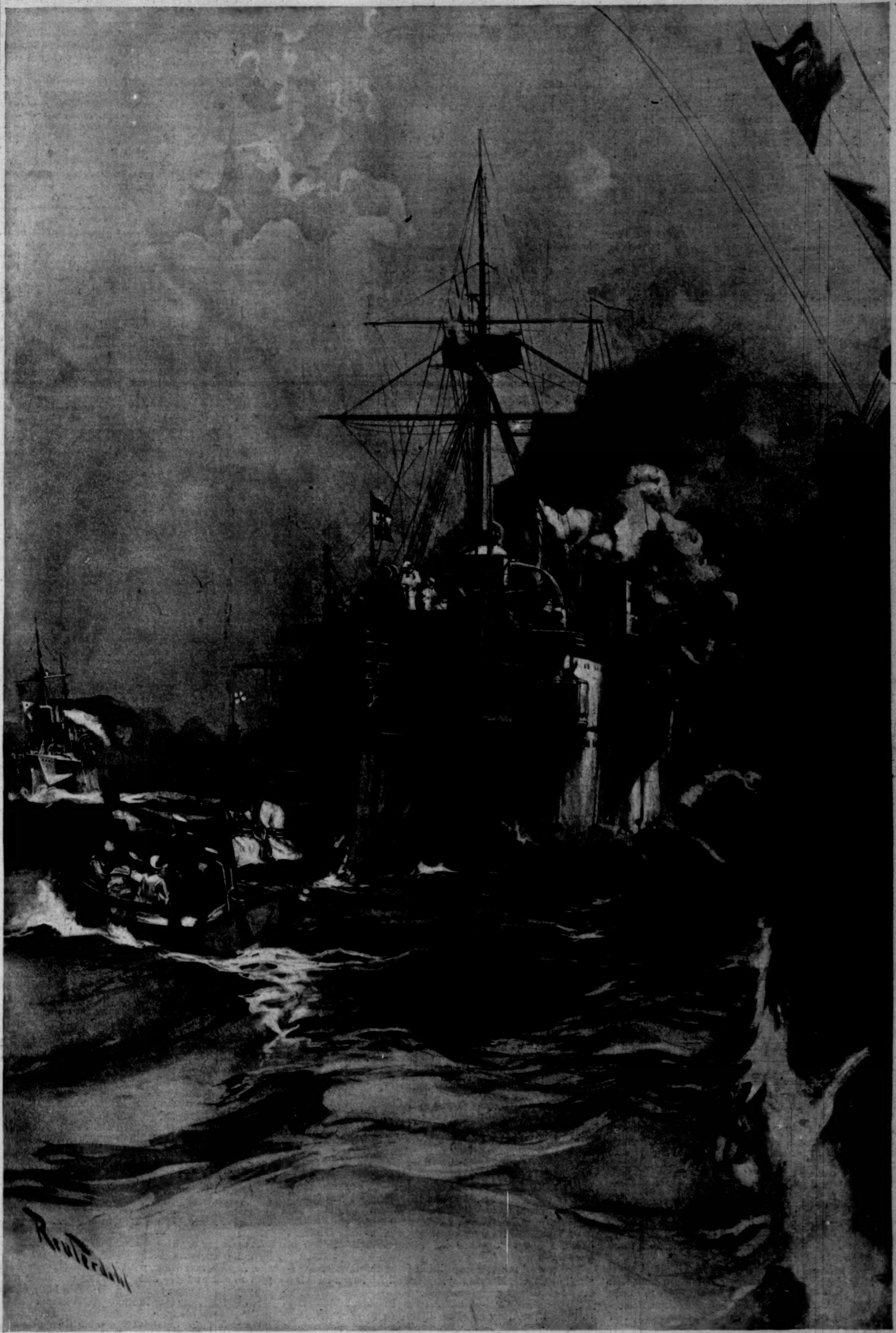
THE OLD CHURCH—REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO LINED UP EAGER FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF EL CANEY.

AFTER THE BATTLE—SCENES IN AND ABOUT EL CANEY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.


3d Class Protected Cruiser "Gefion."
2d Class Battle-Ship "Deutschland," Prince Henry's Flag-Ship.
Reuterdahl
2d Class Battle-Ship "Kaiser," Admiral von Diedrichs's Flag-Ship.
2d Class Protected Cruiser "Irene."
2d Class Protected Cruiser "Kaiserin Augusta."

PRINCIPAL VESSELS OF THE GERMAN SQUADRON IN ASIATIC WATERS.

THE "IRENE" IS THE VESSEL WHOSE CAPTAIN ATTEMPTED TO PREVENT THE SEIZURE OF ISLA GRANDE IN SUBIG BAY.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

OUR SPANISH PRISONERS OF WAR.

With Admiral Cervera and 745 of the officers and men of his late command on board, the auxiliary cruiser *St. Louis* arrived in the harbor of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from Santiago, on the morning of July 10. Among the prisoners were Captain Eulate of the *Vizcaya*, who was wounded three times, and Captain Emilio Diaz Mareau of the *Cristóbal Colon*, second in command on the ill-fated Spanish fleet. Besides these there were about forty commissioned officers from the vessels *Vizcaya* and *Colon*.

The other Spanish prisoners from Cervera's fleet were sent to Portsmouth on the *Harvard*. The quarters prepared for the reception of the prisoners are on Seaveys Island, in the Piscataqua River, opposite Portsmouth.

The city lies about two miles from the sea, on the south side of the stream, which is wide and deep, and noted for its strong tides. Across the stream, on the Maine side, is the town of Kittery, and the naval station known as the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

Down stream from the navy-yard, and reached from it by a short iron bridge, is Seaveys Island, a rock-bound and rugged bit of land of 100 acres or so. At its lower end, on a point by which the tides of the Piscataqua rush fiercely back and forth, is the site of the prison camp. No better place could have been chosen for such a purpose. The land is high, and slopes gently from a sharp ridge toward the rocky shore. On the crest of the ridge, from which the land toward the interior of the island runs back in a kind of plateau, have been built the barracks of the marines guarding the camp, 240 in number. On either end of the ridge, and high above the camp, is placed a Gatling gun, each of which is manned every minute in the day. These guns are above the level of the high board fence that encloses the camp on the land side. Outside this fence there is a "dead line," which is patrolled by a sentry all the time. Inside the camp a large force of sentries pace back and forth, their rifles in the bend of their arms, ready to be thrown to the shoulder at any moment.

The prison camp consists of a number of low one-story wooden barracks and a cook-house. In the cook-house are twenty-one large ranges, on which a force of cooks prepare the food for the prisoners. Soup and bread are the staples.

The sleeping-quarters of the prisoners are comfortable, but hardly elaborate. Mattresses are put on the floors of the barracks at night, and are piled up in the corners in the daytime. Bunks will be built later. Each man has a couple of blankets. There are hooks for hammocks in the barracks, and those who prefer them, and have the money to buy them, are allowed to choose this form of bed.

The day the prisoners were landed from the *St. Louis* forty-seven sick Spanish sailors were taken into the Marine Hospital, and cared for by the doctors there as carefully as if they had been from the American navy. They were all suffering from fever, the result of their exposure in the water and on the beach after the battle of Santiago The hospital is a fine brick building at the upper end of the island. Two wards, built of wood, have been added since the prisoners arrived.

As the men filed down the gangway of the *St. Louis* to board the landing-barge, Admiral Cervera shook many of them by the hand. He was visibly affected.

By invitation of Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* many of the commissioned officers among the Spaniards went to the landing on the tug towing the barge and witnessed the debarkation.

The Captain of the *Colon* volunteered to assist Captain Goodrich in checking off the names of the prisoners as they landed. But after it was over, and his men were about to be marched away to the camp over the hill from the landing-place, he embraced many of the begrimed and unkempt sailors in the line and wept.

Winfield M. Thompson.

WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

U. S. Flag-ship "San Francisco," off Havana, *July 8, 1898*.

We woke up this morning to find ourselves lying, with scarcely any motion, about eight miles off Havana. There is hardly a ripple on the waters, and a breeze laden with lotus drowsiness is lazily fanning the ship. The white city of Havana looms in the distance, and with a glass one can easily distinguish houses and the frowning forts of Morro. But both sea and sky are so suggestive of peace that it is hard to imagine that we are engaged upon a blockade, standing guard over that distant city, and ready to fire upon any ship that comes or goes without warrant. Off to starboard the auxiliary cruiser *Prairie* floats upon the still waters, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean," and close upon our port is the Monitor *Amphitrite*.

The latter recalls humorous memories to a group of young officers sitting fanning themselves upon the poop-deck of the *San Francisco*, and they chant in a rhythmic chorus,

> O Perry Garst, so high and mighty,
> Tell us true, and tell us right,
> Is that ship the *Am-phi-tri-té*,
> Or do you call her *Am-phi-trite*?

Lieutenant-Commander Perry Garst was at one time the head of the department of English at the Naval Academy, and this was a problem in pronunciation that used to be laid before him in poetical form.

A French protected cruiser, the *D'Estaing*, has come quietly in, and lies about a mile astern, but I cannot find out what her mission is, and she does not seem to excite any particular interest or concern, and not even a discussion has arisen concerning the correct pronunciation of her name.

A little while ago the cruiser *Montgomery*, one of the blockading fleet, ran alongside within a hundred feet or so. She was hungry for news, and had not heard of Sampson's victory. So the chief incidents of that great fight were wigwagged to her, and when the news had been translated and given out, loud and enthusiastic were the cheers that arose. It did seem to my unsophisticated mind that the news might have been conveyed with greater speed and ease by simply having it called out, as the *Montgomery* was within easy hearing distance, and the day was so still that you could hear the whir of a flying-fish's wings—but then this is merely a landlubber's point of view. A sailor probably prefers to make mystic signs with a flag to lifting his voice rudely and hoarsely across a hundred feet of sea. Besides, the flag method of conveying intelligence is infinitely more poetic and picturesque.

The *San Francisco* left Key West yesterday evening at six o'clock. She is still the flag-ship of Commodore Howell, who has been placed in command of the blockading squadron off the northern coast of Cuba, succeeding Commodore Watson. Besides the *San Francisco*, three ships of the former Northern Patrol Squadron are engaged upon this blockade—the *Prairie*, the *Badger*, and the collier *Southery*. Altogether there are fifteen ships in the squadron—so many Cerberuses jealously guarding the gates to the capital city of Cuba. But the only sop that can be thrown to these watchers must come in the form of shot, and woe unto any ship that tries this game! I have seen little flags twenty inches square perforated at a thousand yards, and God save any larger mark!

Yesterday I spent part of the day at the convent hospital at Key West, listening to stories of the great land-battle about Santiago, from the mouths of wounded men. The evening before, the hospital-ship *Iroquois* had come in to Key West, bearing 312 wounded and sick men. Most of these men were convalescing and able to walk about, though some of them limped painfully, and others had arms in slings, while others still were laid out upon cots in the hospital.

The hospital was formerly a health resort for ailing nuns of a Canadian order, but it lately has been placed by the order at the disposal of our government, and a number of trained nurses have been sent down to take care of wounded and disabled soldiers.

I found several of Roosevelt's Rough Riders among the wounded. To them the fight had been particularly hard; for, as they said, they had enlisted as a cavalry, not as an infantry, regiment, and most of them were entirely unused to marching. They had been so boomed in the papers, however, that pride kept them from backing out under any conditions, and so they bravely burned their bridges and left their horses behind them. From their descriptions, the march through a thick jungle filled with huge cacti in a hot and enervating climate must have been a terrible one. Now soaked by heavy rains, now blistered by the sun, they marched on, subjected to galling volleys from enemies in ambush. Smokeless powder gave the Spaniards a terrible advantage; for the Rough Riders—dead-shots as most of them are—could see nothing to shoot at. They could not form more than four abreast at any time, owing to the narrowness of the pathway, and often they were obliged to proceed in single file.

Altogether this attack upon Santiago has been extraordinary in the annals of war. Men with rifles in their hands, and undaunted courage in their hearts, have performed a work which artillery alone should have attempted. But though the soldier evidently knew that some one had blundered, he went bravely on and did his whole duty without flinching.

I was told that the medical attendance was entirely inadequate. The doctors worked like beavers, but there were not enough of them. Some of the wounded were obliged to wait over a day before their needs could be attended to. On the hospital-ship *Iroquois* there was no ice, and the water was warm, so I was informed, and unfit to drink. Fresh meat or fresh vegetables without ice are out of the question in a hot climate. Why cannot some ship-loads of ice be sent down to the hospital-ships? But there are doubtless many pertinent questions to be asked; some might call them impertinent questions.

A few hours before the *Iroquois* came in, about four thousand troops started for Santiago in six transports, under a convoy composed of the *Machias*, *Wilmington*, and *Leyden*. Great enthusiasm prevailed upon the transports as they pulled out, and cheer after cheer rolled over the waters. May the country for whose sake these men go forth to battle so gladly look well after them should the hour of trouble come!

Henry Collins Walsh.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 731.*)

ing as the Spaniards did the first day, it would have cost five thousand lives to take it. Battalions of Spanish troops have been depositing arms since daybreak in the armory, over which I have [placed a] guard...."

A man to be reckoned with, the Archbishop of Santiago, was the most conspicuous figure among those who were present at the reception held at the Governor's palace, where the civil Governor and other officials of the city and province met the American commander. After the ceremony of raising and saluting our flag and taking over the city, the American officers returned to their camp. In the course of the day our troops also took possession of Morro Castle and the batteries at the mouth of the harbor; mines in the channel were removed or exploded; the Red Cross steamer *State of Texas*, passing the sunken *Merrimac* and *Reina Mercedes*, made her way towards the city; refugees crowding back to their homes found that order had been re-established—by conquest—and was to be maintained. As between the American and Spanish soldiers, there were manifestations of good feeling, but already a note of discontent is heard from the insurgents, who have had to play minor parts to-day or be omitted altogether, and who resent Shafter's decision not to displace the Spanish civil officials at present.

The second military expedition from San Francisco arrived at Cavité, Manila Bay. General Anderson now has 6000 troops under his command.

Monday, July 18.—A letter from President McKinley to Secretary Alger contains directions to the "military occupant" at Santiago, with a full statement of the general principles to be observed in the government of that city and the ceded district. Some of the specially significant passages follow: "We come not to make war upon the inhabitants of Cuba, nor upon any party or faction among them, but to protect them in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights.... The judges and other officials connected with the administration of justice may, if they accept the supremacy of the United States, continue to administer the ordinary law of the land, as between man and man, under the supervision of the American Commander-in-Chief. The native constabulary will, so far as may be practicable, be preserved.... While the rule of conduct of the American Commander-in-Chief will be such as has just been defined, it will be his duty to adopt measures of a different kind if unfortunately the course of the people should render such measures indispensable to the maintenance of law and order. He will then possess the power to replace or expel the native officials in part or altogether, to substitute new courts of his own constitution for those that now exist, or to create such new or supplementary tribunals as may be necessary.... All public funds and securities belonging to the government of the country in its own right, and all arms and supplies and other movable property of such government, may be seized by the military occupant and converted to his own use. The real property of the state he may hold and administer, at the same time enjoying the revenues thereof, but he is not to destroy it save in the case of military necessity. All public means of transportation, such as telegraph lines, cables, railways, and boats belonging to the state, may be appropriated to his use, but unless in case of military necessity they are not to be destroyed. All churches and buildings devoted to religious worship and to the arts and sciences, all school-houses, are, so far as possible, to be protected; and all destruction or intentional defacement of such places, of historical monuments or archives, or of works of science or art, is prohibited, save when required by urgent military necessity.... While it is held to be the right of the conqueror to levy contributions upon the enemy in their seaports, towns, or provinces which may be in his military possession by conquest, and to apply the proceeds to defray the expenses of the war, this right is to be exercised within such limitations that it may not savor of confiscation. As the result of military occupation, the taxes and duties payable by the inhabitants to the former government become payable to the military occupant, unless he sees fit to substitute for them other rates or modes of contribution to the expenses of the government. The moneys so collected are to be used for the purpose of paying the expenses of the government under the military occupation, such as the salaries of the judges and the police, and for the payment of the expenses of the army. Private property taken for the use of the army is to be paid for, when possible, in cash at a fair valuation, and when payment in cash is not possible receipts are to be given. All ports and places in Cuba which may be in the actual possession of our land and naval forces will be opened to the commerce of all neutral nations, as well as our own, in articles not contraband of war, upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of the importation."

Despatches from Havana and London: "Seven American war-ships bombarded Manzanillo (the most important place in the southwestern portion of Santiago province) this morning. Three steamers of the Mendez line were set on fire. Several gunboats that were in the harbor were stranded."

A despatch to the *Sun* from Cavité, *viâ* Hong-kong, says that after the *Irene* incident in Subig Bay "some correspondence took place between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Diedrichs, the German commander, the result of which has been a better understanding."

Tuesday, July 19.—The destruction of the Spanish steamship *Santo Domingo* by the auxiliary gunboat *Eagle* near Cape Francés, Cuba, July 12, was reported by the *Nashville* at Key West to-day. The *Santo Domingo*, a vessel of 5400 tons, was laden with grain and cattle for Havana, and was well armed. The *Eagle* was formerly the yacht *Almy*.

The first troops for Puerto Rico, numbering 6200 men, embarked from Tampa last night and to-day.

The United States transport *Seneca*, with sick and wounded soldiers, who had suffered greatly from lack of proper accommodations, medical attendance, and supplies, arriving at New York Harbor, was detained at Quarantine.

Wednesday, July 20.—The contract for transporting to Spain the officers and men surrendered by General Toral was awarded to the Compañia Transatlantica Española.

General Leonard Wood, formerly colonel commanding the Rough Riders, has been appointed military Governor of Santiago, succeeding General Chambers McKibbin, who filled the office temporarily, and who now resumes command of his brigade.

General Garcia has resigned his position as commander of the insurgent forces in eastern Cuba, and has withdrawn his troops from the neighborhood of Santiago. His letter to General Shafter, explaining his action, is a resentful statement of grievances: neither he nor his officers were invited to be present at the ceremonies on the occasion of taking over the city; the Spanish authorities have been left in power; the most unfavorable views of the motives and conduct of his army are entertained by the Americans. That is the substance of his letter, and he concludes, "I withdraw my forces to the interior."

Thursday, July 21.—The following statement of our government's policy in relation to Puerto Rico, characterized as practically official, or semi-official, was made to-day:

> Puerto Rico will be kept by the United States. That is settled, and has been the plan from the first. Once taken, it will never be released. It will pass forever into the hands of the United States, and there never has been any other thought. Its possession will go towards making up the heavy expense of war to the United States. Our flag, once run up there, will float over the island permanently.

A despatch of this date from General Miles says: "We have *Massachusetts*, *Dixie*, *Gloucester*, *Cincinnati*, *Annapolis*, *Leyden*, and *Wasp*, with *Yale* and *Columbia*. We expect to sail at three o'clock." The war-ships mentioned convoy the transports taking the main body of the military expedition to Puerto Rico. Sailing from Guantanamo to-day, General Miles's command should reach Puerto Rico early next week, or about the same time as the detachment which left Tampa last Monday. Other detachments are also under way. Two of the three vessels carrying General Wilson's division (First, of the First Army Corps) and General Ernst's brigade left Charleston last night, and General Schwan's brigade is sailing from Port Tampa to join the invading force off the coast of Puerto Rico.

Friday, July 22.—A despatch from General Anderson at Manila says: "Aguinaldo declares dictatorship and martial law over all the islands. The people expect independence."

M. W.

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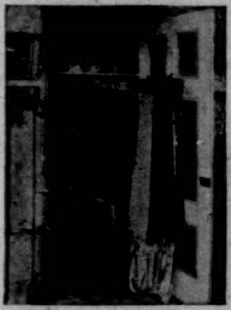

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